THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XV — New York, Wednesday, March 16, 1932 — Number 20

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Facing Facts 533
Week by Week 534
Prayer and the Laboratory 537
Dollar Diplomacy .....William Franklin Sands 539
Twilight in European Drama.....Eugene M. Kogon 541
For Sale: Freedom.....Joseph Michael Lalley 543
Places and Persons.....A. and M. Small 545
Plankton (*verse*).....Harold Willard Gleason 547
A Refuge of the Jobless.....Herbert Reed 547
Humphrey J. Desmond.....Irving A. J. Lawres 548
The Play.....Richard Dana Skinner 550
Communications 551
Books .....Edwin Clark, Mary Ellen Chase, William Kellerer, Gerald B. Phelan, Patrick J. Healy, Frank C. Hanighen, Speer Strahan 554

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1932, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

FACING FACTS

TO BORROW new money at the rate per day of $24,350,000, even if the United States Treasury is the borrower, rather staggers the conservative imagination. It is all the more staggering when only a small fraction of the new money is to go for construction of permanent values. Yet all present indications (aside from optimistic official statements) point to this huge sum as the daily average of new borrowing requirements by the federal government between now and June 30 of this year. In all, it will mount to a total of nearly $3,000,000,000 added to the public debt in four short months. It will represent that part of the probable fiscal year's deficit of $4,250,000,000 not yet borrowed from the patient public.

Figures have recently become rather odious to many people—especially since everyone, high and low, has been obliged to use large minus signs in most of their figuring. In the present instance, however, we are only partly concerned with figures, and much more deeply and anxiously concerned with the human and social consequences of the figures. Signs of strain both in the business and governmental credit structures are multiplying. What does this strain imply? What, if anything, is being done to ease it? If nothing is done, what effect will the increasing strain have upon the lives and welfare of millions of humble citizens to whom financial operations, as such, are remote and bewildering? Do we not need, even more than courage, and even more than blind faith, an American leadership that is ready to face realities with utter ruthlessness and to restore economic order and human hope through applying the simplest standards to even the loftiest problems?

The present debts of the world are appalling. Most of them are not being paid off. Instead, they are being multiplied through the process of adding new current debts to old frozen ones. Debts based on land values and on crops and the products of the mines are frozen because the prices of those products have fallen. Their prices are far below the level at which loans were made with the land or its products as security. That is one part of the picture.

But far more than a drop in prices is involved. Similar prices dropped 40 percent in one year during the 1920-1921 depression, but business recovery set in even before prices stopped falling. Today, in addition to price declines, the speed of business itself has dropped. Instead of having buying activity increase as prices fell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(a fact which gave the basis for prompt recovery in 1921) the general use of currency and bank deposits has dropped nearly 60 percent in the last two years. What the business man calls "turnover"—or the number of times a year he can make a profit on his invested capital—has dropped at a similar alarming rate.

The merchant who could "turn over" his goods six times a year in 1929, with a small "gross" profit on each occasion, finds today that he can turn over the same quantity of goods only twice—making only two small profits in the year instead of six. These reduced "gross" profits for the year are barely enough to pay his running expenses. He has almost nothing left to pay his borrowings at the bank. Loans he hoped to pay off in three months he can barely meet in a whole year. Thus business loans as well as commodity loans are "frozen." New borrowings are added in order "to keep going." The outstanding and unsettled credit is increasing and the means to pay it off are diminishing. It is an unexpected and grave "second phase" of the depression—something we did not have to face in 1921, when only prices fell and "turnover" activity actually increased.

To top this off, and to add immeasurably to the crushing burden of unsettled debt, we have the spectacle of the federal government itself plunging wildly into increasing debt at the astounding rate described above. Nowhere is there the least sign of a leadership ready to call a halt, to cut government salaries to the bone until they are on a par with the slashed salaries of private business employment, to admit a crisis and face it, to say that the government must not and shall not, without the gravest cause, compete for borrowed money with the already overstrained borrowings of frozen business.

There has probably never been in peace times a more flagrant abuse of the public borrowing power than we are witnessing today—not alone at Washington, and with the consent of leaders in both parties, but also in states, counties and municipalities. Every one of these agencies, with a few such outstanding exceptions as the state of Maryland, is adding millions daily to the mountain of frozen debt—and doing it either through wilful extravagance or in the subtle illusion that by increasing debt we can restore a business activity which the very fact of excessive debt itself is suffocating.

The mere handicap to crippled business of a growing public debt is less ominous, however, than certain practical human consequences which only a sudden reversal of government policy can avoid. First, there is the prolonging of unemployment due to the further strain on business credit. Then there is the fact that when the government competes with business in the already strained money markets, the inevitable result over the period is to increase interest rates for all borrowers.

The supply of funds today is diminishing rapidly. The net balances of bank depositors have been cut by a third in the last seven months—from over $6,000,000,000 to just over $4,000,000,000, for example, in the reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve System. Thus the probable demand of the government for $3,000,000,000 of new loans before June 30 comes at a most unfortunate time. Interest rates on government securities will undoubtedly be forced up by this obvious fact of diminished supply and increased demand. And as interest rates on "governments" rise, the prices of all other high-grade bonds, including those held by great savings and insurance institutions, will decline still further. Can federal expenditures for payroll, for prohibition enforcement and for credit pools possibly do enough good to offset the broad social effects of such an attack on the immediate security behind the life's savings of tens of millions of working people? We think not.

Taxes must be raised to stop the need for wild government borrowing. To that we readily agree. But the whole notion of public duty in both parties in Washington must also be raised. If this is a war against economic and social disaster, the government itself must go on war rations. Only determined and wise leadership can bring this about. The spirit to accept what the whole world of private business has already been forced to accept must spread from the President to the lowest-rated file clerk, and from the highest admirals and generals right to the forecastle and the tail-end squad. Then, and only then, can the new taxes be justified. The existing debts of the world are insupportable. But unnecessary fresh debts would be intolerable.

WEEK BY WEEK

FLOODS of light are being poured upon American psychology by the continuance of wofully hard times. Apparent, first of all, is the lack of coördinated thinking about any major general issue. The average citizen is indubitably parochial: he sees what is happening in his neighborhood, his business, his community, his church, but the central national problem and its ramifications are shrouded in mystery. In two articles contributed to the February *Survey* by William Hard and Whiting Williams, this truth is made clear. The United States neither knows where it is at, nor what to do about it. On the other hand these same articles show to how great an extent the individual and group have been willing to heed the challenge of the hour. Mr. Hard deals with the typical steel industry, revealing the extent to which company managements have gone to relieve the plight of their one-time employees. And for his part Mr. Whiting, in an interesting bird's-eye photograph of Middle Western cities, shows how these have piled up debt after debt in a desperate struggle to ward off starvation and domestic catastrophe. Both investigators feel that the current problem is one of mounting shortage rather than of extreme suffering—that is, men, women and children are not going without food

Under the Circumstances

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and clothing, but they are existing on a minimum often insufficient to protect them against the consequences of malnutrition. To this picture many other details might be added. For example, there is the large Eastern corporation which recently decided to aid those among their former employees who had left the company's service in good standing and who are now in want. And so there emerges a baffled, half-informed, but surprisingly generous America which is really not indifferent to the "other fellow."

MR. WHITING makes one particularly important point—that the existing situation "is teaching great numbers of careful, long-headed, hard-working, thrifty, highly skilled families that their years of planning, skill-getting and self-denial have in some overwhelming, ununderstandable and utterly demoralizing manner gone for naught." Their investments yield no returns, their savings are in danger if not gone, and their training is not in demand. This means that, to a relatively lesser extent, America has passed and is passing through the equivalent of the German "inflation time." Of course the currency has remained stable. But in both cases the disestablishment of large groups of property-owning and money-saving people has led to a social upheaval the effects of which are likely to be felt for many years. Very many will never again have a reasonable chance to earn and save; others will have been disabused of the idea of saving; still others will employ every means in their power to seek safety through *Kapitalflucht* (withdrawal of money from national circulation, one way or another). The tragedy lies in the fact that a great deal of this appalling loss could have been avoided. Nothing is more scandalously to the discredit of the nation than the inefficient and frequently crafty manipulation of America's investments during the years after 1924. It was a case of ignorance and greed running wild, for a profit and minus a semblance of government interest, with the people's money. And so one comes again to the problem: How can a citizenry fundamentally right-minded and sound of heart be made to see national problems in intelligent perspective? How can it insure itself against disaster which spreads like wild-fire because of insipidity and rottenness at the heart of the country's business?

THOUGH it would be difficult to assert that the political world is any better off now than it was a week ago, some rays of hope have penetrated this or that cloud. It is relatively certain that Sino-Japanese relations have entered what is termed a "new phase." The chronic failure of China to cohere is evidenced once more by the unwillingness of other armies to support the forces engaged at Shanghai; and for their part the Japanese, conscious of world-wide opposition and of heavy expenditures for campaign purposes, are seemingly more willing to arrive at some adjustment of their claims. Meanwhile the League of Nations has been discussing the question with slightly more of a chance to effect some agreement among its members. Better feeling at Geneva arises from no success which has attended the Disarmament Conference but from the professed readiness of the Tardieu government to foster a more conciliatory policy with regard to Germany. This decision, widely commented upon in the French press, would mean a great deal to moderates on both sides of the Rhine and would doubtless be of considerable importance as a factor in the coming German elections. Thus far the prevailing response to Tardieu's suggestion has been impressively cordial.

Several Hopeful Portents

THIS is written, necessarily, some time before it will appear in print. We earnestly hope that, in the interval, the headlines proclaiming that the Lindbergh kidnappers have made no sign as yet, will have changed to the joyful news of the child's promised or actual return. Meanwhile the deeper reflections aroused by the case are equally pertinent whether it ends happily or tragically. They center in one question: what is wrong with American society? This kidnapping is no worse, morally, than the hundreds that have preceded it, in increasing ratio, in our country. It is no more dastardly and inhuman to trade in the agony of Charles and Anne Lindbergh than in the agony of unillustrious or obscure parents; but it is so much more daring, in the circumstances, that we may well feel that it sums up, in a challenge to us all, the common danger and the common disgrace of the whole situation. The universal sorrow and concern felt for the Lindberghs, by testifying to the respect and love they have everywhere inspired, testifies to that daring. These two young people have borne themselves with such appealing simplicity, decency and dignity in their unique eminence, that it is hardly an exaggeration to say they are under the whole world's protection. The kidnapper of their child took a risk unparalleled even in the annals of his own dreadful calling where, generally speaking, daring is the sole remaining virtue. That, whether gangster or amateur, he was nerved and inspired by what has been happening in this field of crime, cannot be questioned. What moral sickness among us makes a growth, or better, a deliquescence like this possible? We are a kindly, open-handed, genial people; how have we come to nourish to outrageous proportions a crime that is usually more cruel, more truly subversive of natural instincts, than murder itself?

The Lindbergh Case

FOR OF course it is primarily a moral, not a legal, breakdown with which we are confronted. Attorney-General Mitchell has been broadcasting various objections to hastily suggested federal legislation against kidnappers, which the Lindbergh case has already elicited. With no claim to technical knowledge in the matter, we agree with his deprecation of emphasis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in that quarter. Federal laws to supplement local enactments may or may not help in dealing with cold-blooded and desperate men who cut themselves off from the moral norm of society in greater and greater numbers; but the trouble is too deep for any legal formulation to cure. And, we repeat, what are its roots? Are we to regard the brutal business as the final crown and flower of the Eighteenth Amendment—the last development in the sequence which promoted disaffection and contempt for law among the masses, and at the same time, by making lawlessness fabulously wealthy, gave it an organization and an empire of its own? There are not lacking those who make this connection—especially since the frantic Lindbergh parents have invoked the help of two underworld leaders as possible contact men, on the assumption that a gang may be holding their child. And we agree in part—as anyone acquainted with our national history over the last decade must. But beyond even this question there looms another: that final question to which so many, and such divergent, roads of calamity are nowadays leading our people. Is there any flaw in the American tradition itself to which this development, seemingly so shockingly un-American, may justly be traced? Is there, in our old practice, any logical invitation to new and unusual forms of wickedness? Have we, as a people, condoned the ruthlessly unsocial—say, in the acquisition of wealth, the squeezing to death of competitors, the gambling in the subsistence of millions—solely because it was successful, and it is so "American" to succeed? Are we guilty of dissolving the social and moral bond—say, by the sinister anomaly of teaching the forms of democracy, while more and more of our people are excluded from any sense of economic security or human importance? Do we, in a word, with all our manufacturings, manufacture the cynic and the desperado? If we do, his mere form will depend on accident. His guilt will be ours.

New Roads

ROAD-BUILDING as a socially useful occupation for the unemployed seems to be most generally in favor in the United States. Bills for the appropriation of large sums for this purpose are pending in Congress and equally large sums in the aggregate are being appropriated by state legislatures. According to a survey made by the American Automobile Association, the amount spent on construction or repair in the last year was $1,700,000,000 for the rural roads and $500,000,000 for city streets. That's a lot of money. It is further reported that this furnished direct or indirect employment to more than 1,000,000 persons. The cycle of results from this enterprise is, of course: the road-makers received wages with which to buy from the stores the necessities of life, the stores by that much were able to buy from the farmers and manufacturers, and the great American automobile business, with all its appendant businesses, shared in the good effects of better facilities for the use of its product. The government pays the piper, and in turn the happy citizenry in an unhappy moment pays the government. The last sad link, however, in a period of deflation and hoarding, represents pulmotor activities to keep the blood circulating in the patient. The country is certainly losing nothing by such a self-contained operation; it is actually the gainer in the useful employment of 1,000,000 persons, who might otherwise be idle, in the creation of real social wealth. The problem is not the withdrawal of these persons from other useful creative work, as there is hardly an industry or occupation that is not now suffering from overproduction. Are we overproduced on roads? We believe that even a casual consideration of conditions would yield a conviction that we are not.

IT HAS become somewhat fashionable in some circles to curse the automobile. The curious thing is that those who indulge in these animadversions, like our parlor Socialists who curse capitalism while themselves getting along very comfortably on hand-outs from realist capitalist parents or the stipends of endowed institutions, themselves make no bones about availing themselves of the facilities of the automobile. As a matter of fact, we believe that the trouble with the automobile at present is that it is too good. Roads have not kept up with it. A writer elsewhere in this issue comments on the proposition that democracy cannot be blamed for our present social ills, as the troubles result not from evils inherent in democracy but from fallings away from democratic principles; so the automobile should not be blamed for congested highways, disturbances of the peace and an appalling number of deaths and injuries. The fault lies with the lack of facilities for the proper and full enjoyment of the automobile.

THE HIGHWAYS near our urban centers are at present on the whole utterly inadequate to permit the city dwellers to get out into the country without crowding and delays that largely destroy the potential pleasure. We have, however, in general excellent and uncrowded highways where the country is sparsely populated. These are fine; we are all for them; but the problem of the city dwellers does seem to require a little more urgent amelioration. From it, the country and the small towns would have their advantage in the increased business for local stores and services. Also, roads go both ways, so that the country dwellers would be gainers in the improved facilities for getting into town. With even our smallest and most inexpensive cars now multiplying their number of cylinders and their speed, our roads should be brought up to date. There should be special lanes for fast through traffic, and outside lanes paced more leisurely for those who want to look at the scenery or prepare to stop or turn off. We can think of no other enterprise that would be better to keep things in the country moving, instead of having them die on their feet, as they seem

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be tending to do now. Though town and city dwellers may get the idea that our country is overcrowded, the fact is there are plenty of wide-open spaces. Adequate roads to get to them would seem to be the one thing underproduced today in the United States.

CATHOLIC labors in behalf of world amity took a step forward when the Catholic Association for International Peace held a regional conference in St. Louis on Washington's birthday. Some thousand persons attended; His Excellency, Archbishop Glennon, welcomed the delegates; and addresses by several thinkers illuminated this, that and the other aspect of the peace problem. To our mind the tenor of the meeting, as reflected in newspaper despatches, is pretty well indicated by the remarks, logical and lucid as usual, which Father John A. Ryan devoted to the question of armaments. Reasoning that in the existing social order the United States must desire to be proof against attack, and that therefore intelligent citizens will not think of wholesale, unconditional disarmament, Father Ryan concluded that at present the nation is sufficiently well defended. "A country is adequately prepared to resist attack when it has sufficient military and naval equipment to deal with all attacks that are reasonably probable in the near future. At present the United States possesses this degree of preparedness and does not need to add more battleships or cruisers or any other important element to its existing equipment." In quite the same way other speakers emphasized what is reasonable in the peace program and cautiously avoided extreme commitments. May the association and its work steadily grow more popular.

The Dove under Good Auspices

FOR EMINENCE in science and in charity, and for his personal qualities as an exemplary Catholic gentleman, Dr. Stephen J. Maher of New Haven, Connecticut, internationally recognized authority on tuberculosis, has this year been awarded the Laetare Medal by the University of Notre Dame. He is the forty-ninth recipient of the award, which is made annually by a committee of which the president of the university, at present the Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, is chairman. It was first bestowed upon John G. Shea, and among the recent recipients have been Agnes Repplier, James J. Phelan of Boston and the Honorable Alfred E. Smith. Dr. Maher has been chairman of the commission investigating tuberculosis conditions in Connecticut, and United States representative at two international tuberculosis conferences in Europe. Besides his medical work, he has kept up an active interest in literature and has written scientific studies, essays, fiction and poetry. He is seventy-one years old. We mention this because we believe it reflects additional honor to a distinguished career and is a heartening model of what constitutes real youth and an abundant life.

The Laetare Medal

PRAYER AND THE LABORATORY

IN HIS excellent introduction to Dr. Messenger's recently published volume, "Evolution and Theology" (reviewed last week in THE COMMONWEAL), Father Charles L. Souvay analyzes with great authoritativeness the present phase of the long battle between faith and science. He sees wreckage enough. Within the Catholic Church the din of conflict is, of course, muffled but nevertheless actual. Not only have orthodox theologians and equally orthodox scientists flung themselves at one another's throats, but considerable fighting has taken place among two schools of divines. Outside all is riot and confusion. "Surveying the battle-field as it is today," writes Father Souvay, "we see arrayed in one camp the forces of materialistic science. Over against them we may descry, at one wing of the battle-front, the somewhat noisy advocates of Protestant modernism. Here the contending forces have laid down arms. Not that materialistic science has abated any of its pretensions; but modernism, in its eagerness to show itself modern, lightly sacrificed principles once held necessary and sacred, and from concessions to concessions has now come to fraternize with the enemy of yesterday. At the opposite wing are the small but stubborn ranks of Protestants under the banner of fundamentalism. Desertions steadily diminish their numbers; the rest fight all the more desperately, if not always intelligently. It is a losing battle, though: and here and there the enemy is shouting his paean of victory—the victory, alas! of materialism, naturalism and unbelief."

Not many who know the facts will doubt the accuracy of this picture. Though in some parts of the world Protestantism has to a certain extent recuperated from the spiritual losses suffered throughout more than a century, the movement as a whole—and especially in the United States—has really been halted by the great wall of science. This has been stormed against, even as a tide of locusts might rush headlong into a cliff. Some few valiant souls have clambered over the impasse, but the great majority have come to grief. No doubt of it: during more than a century, the chief determining factor of religious belief in our Western world has been not the nature of one's attitude toward God's teaching, but the nature of one's attitude toward nature. Today we are beginning to see at least that much. And if we accept—as one thinks we should—Father Souvay's hopeful surmise that a genuine philosophy of science and an unadulterated Catholic faith are approaching an understanding, it is well that we should understand clearly what the main issues are.

From this point of view a younger French scientist, M. André George, has rendered a most helpful service. In a series of conferences devoted to the problem, he has tried to make plain (a) what the doctrine of scientific authorities really is, and (b) what the assumptions of the Christian faith are with regard to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that world of investigation and hypothesis which we associate with mathematics and the laboratory. A good section of his conclusions has now been published in *Le Correspondant,* of Paris, on which we have based the comment to be made here and to which we refer those interested.

How and when did the conflict begin? While in a sense as old as time, the antithesis between science and religion which characterizes our era takes its rise in differing conceptions of human knowledge. The problem of man's ability to distinguish between real and not-real was analyzed in great detail and with conflicting results from the days of Saint Thomas to the end of the nineteenth century. In the hope of bolstering up their hypotheses, various psychologists amassed no little evidence: indeed, they amassed so much that the mere job of sorting it out is now virtually overwhelming. But the very fact that so much evidence could be presented tended to cement the alliance between physical science and psychology which had been tentatively formed as early as the Renaissance. During the eighteenth century the belief that constructions imposed by the reason upon reality—a belief helpful enough to the mathematician—were either the sum-total of possible human knowledge of the real, or even the actual equivalent of that real, spread so widely that religious faith seemed in danger of becoming a mere obscurantist cult or an esoteric manifesto which no man of genuine intelligence could credit. Throughout the nineteenth century, a persistent rebellion against this "scientific" belief was then kept up vigorously, but the social issues of the time—unemployment, wage slavery and the rest—were linked with materialism by brilliant revolutionists like Karl Marx, with the result that what was rapidly becoming an agnosticism of intelligentsia standing aloof from the rest of men rapidly became a popular creed, reinforced by every new discovery affecting the evolution of natural species and the efficacy of natural "laws."

M. André summarizes this history for France when he points out that from Voltaire to Taine the doctrine that "religion is incompatible with modern science" was more and more firmly subscribed to. With the turn of the century, however, the old agnostic security began to wane among thinkers. It is not difficult to show that the scientists of contemporary Europe are quite ready to admit that the realm of theology has as legitimate a right to exist as the realm of science itself. The mathematician or the investigator no longer claims to have disproved the existence of the facts of faith. Here M. André is able to quote very effectively the opinions of M. Emile Meyerson, who is both the acknowledged master of theorists of science and a representative modern thinker. M. Meyerson is not a believer, is in fact apparently without the slightest trace of religious insight. And yet, in his various books (notably "Cheminement de là Pensée"), he has carefully defined the limitations of scientific inquiry and made clear beyond the shadow of a doubt that the reasoning processes of the theologian differ in no respect from those of the savant. "If, for example, one follows the evolution by which the Platonic idea, throughout the era of Neo-Platonism and of concrete contact with Jewish conceptions (notably those we find expressed in the works of Philo) gave birth, in patristic philosophy, to the incarnation of a Divine manation, one cannot escape recognizing the very rhythm of the thought of the mathematicians and scientists who have created the notion of relative hyperspace," he writes.

Thus once again it is from a clearer understanding of the nature of human knowledge, gained this time by scientific investigation itself, that the best proof of the validity of religious thinking has been secured. The stages by which this understanding was reached are well described by M. André. He shows that the hoary old statement that science is "rational" while religion is "irrational" has been undermined by acceptance of the irrational as an integral part of the world apprehended by the physicist or the mathematician. Again, the elements of "mystery" and of "uncertainty" which figure so largely in the modern scientist's professional vocabulary simply run parallel to the same eternal elements in the universe of Divine revelation. Finally, the ancient bugbear of anthropocentric and anthropomorphic impressions as being the *igni fatui* of faith, has no terrors for the intelligent student of our time. We cannot outline here the definiteness with which all this has been worked out, but M. André's essay—which he modestly calls "an effort"—is worthy of diligent attention.

If we now confront the possibility of a fruitful alliance between scientific and religious thinking—an alliance still remote from actuality—our task is primarily to realize the psychological problem involved. The unbelieving scientist is, as M. André makes so clear, hampered not by the "inconceivable assumptions" of religion but by the notion that a "different kind of mind" from his own is needed for the understanding of dogma and inference therefrom. He is convinced that in order to be religious he would virtually have to reconstruct his own personality, and just as convinced that such an action is impossible. On the other hand the theologian, accustomed to battling against materialists and relatively unwilling even to find out what science is actually saying, either looks upon the laboratory as the fountain of all evil or contents himself with emphasizing just those aspects of faith with which investigation of the mathematical kind is least concerned. The problem, as M. André sees it, is therefore primarily one of psychological readjustment. Again we face the chance of peace on earth to men of good-will. And the layman, as little competent in science as in theology, may at least help with his wish and his prayer those bearers of a truce which, could it be achieved with honor for both sides, might usher in veritably immeasurable possibilities for the dominion of truth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

Since catastrophic events have left thousands of American investors holding the bag for loans made abroad on what seems banefully poor security, there has been considerable wonder if the State Department ought not to have issued sound advice. In the following paper Mr. Sands deals with this question and goes on to study the whole of what is known as "dollar diplomacy." This, he thinks, was "one of those bright ideas which we turn loose without anyone to keep it in order." What has been done from time to time to furnish a keeper is then narrated with Mr. Sands's usual discernment.—The Editors.

THE ANSWER to most questions lies in the right answer to some question still further back. Too many people in the world's democracies never ask what may lie back of current events; they never read the minutes of the last meeting. As a consequence, they make their task of finding out the truth unnecessarily hard.

As a side issue to a greater problem, the Senate is now engaged in searching out whether the State Department has conducted itself improperly in the matter of loans to South American governments, which appear to have "gone sour" on the American investor. There is another query further back than that: Should government concern itself at all with fostering the commercial interests of the people to whom it is responsible and whom it represents? If no such obligation lies on government, may it nevertheless do so with propriety? That is no new question. Various thoughtful and very practical men have answered it in various ways and new worlds have been founded upon their theories. The United States owe their birth to the search for an answer to that question.

From the precise system invented by the Frenchman, Colbert (without going any further back), to Adam Smith and Turgot; from the peopling of the two continents of America and the "mercantilistic" theory of colonial government, through the "laissez-faire" period of thought to that tongue-twisting invention of modern historians, "neo-mercantilistic imperialism," and further, into the ruthless application of Karl Marx's ideas in Russia—through all the consequences of some of these schools of thought, manifested either in orderly development or in irresponsible speculation, or in war, we still go on asking that question with no definite answer.

The elimination of rival claims to territory in which we asserted special interest through the medium of President Monroe's message and its curious supplementary evolution to be a doctrine on all fours with the Protocol of Troppau, which evoked it, and which it challenged, the partition of China and recognition of spheres of influence, the World War (in part), the present Manchurian phenomenon, and our own dollar diplomacy—all flow directly or indirectly out of the answer to that question. It is a big one for the Senate to answer. If the Senate can find the answer we shall have made a long step forward in the field of orderly international relations; and it seems to me a very proper question for the Senate to ask.

Dollar diplomacy is one of the catchwords that take men's fancy so that they do not stop to analyze them. It came into current use in the Philander Knox administration of the State Department, and meant to him the use of the financial power of private American citizens by the Department of State to oblige chronically disorderly foreign states to orderly evolution.

The theory of it was that by approving or disapproving a private loan to a foreign government, the State Department could prevent "wild cat" financing and also put pressure on that government to put its house in order so that American citizens might live there and do legitimate business safely. There was no question in Philander Knox's mind, as I ever understood from him (and I was serving the department at the time), that it was any part of the State Department's function to attend to the financial details of the loan, to guarantee it or even to approve of it as an investment, or to pass on the security or to collect it if defaulted.

Some attempts to do those things were made from time to time by some officials, but not ever, in my time, as any consistent policy of the department. When those things happened they arose rather out of the defect inherent in our old policy of leaving vital matters with tremendous potential consequences in the hands of men untrained to handle them, and not responsibly supervised. In itself the Knox dollar diplomacy was harmless, in my opinion; it had good in it and had an adequate reason for being, even if, on the whole, it was not all good in operation. It was one of those bright ideas we turn loose without anyone to keep it in order.

Nearly thirty years ago, when I was shifted from the Far East to Central America and to the study of their revolutions, the financial arrangements of some of the Atlantic republics were an essential part of that study. After an orgy of irresponsible lending and not only irresponsible but positively scandalous native looting, English investors (who had led in that field) had settled down to a half-despairing attempt to salvage some small part of their "investments" and had formed for that purpose a Bondholders' Association to protect their interest wherein it could.

In the meantime new governments (often revolutionary) needed money. A practice had grown up among American private bankers of lending "small" sums, from a few hundred thousand to a million dollars, for a year, at handsome profit.

As an illustration of how that worked I recall a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gentleman recently fairly prominent in American finance, who was just making his beginnings then. The President of a Central American republic needed a million dollars for unspecified purposes, but in the form of a government loan. The budding financier offered the sum, from equally unspecified sources, to run from a date set several months later. As security, it was agreed to place an export tax of one gold dollar per hundred pounds on coffee, and the "banker" generously offered to provide the tax receipt certificates at no cost to the government. These receipts could be purchased only from him and were valid at the customs house at the point of export.

The first payments of the loan were made to the President. After a while he sent for the gentleman and said: "Look here, you are paying to me as a loan, sums you have raised out of this coffee tax, as they come in to you. I could have done that myself!" "Sure; sure, you could, Mr. President, but you didn't think of it; and a loan's a loan, ain't it?"

Incidentally, I discovered that this same "banker" had put his loan contract with the President for safe keeping in the American minister's strong-box, as a personal document, and on compelling him to show what was in the agreement a clause was discovered in it providing for the collection of the loan by the government of the United States, in case of default, although the Department of State expressly and emphatically rejected any such provision.

That was one form of financing; another was the looting of local American business. Being perennially short of cash to pay bodyguards and keep powerful friends loyal, the local caciques had long since exhausted the native planters and merchants and the native banks by "forced loans." Foreigners and foreign companies came next. If friends were not subsidized and armies were not paid, succession to the Presidency was too rapid and too violent.

That was a situation which had to be thought out, for it is to the interest of civilization that it be cured. Should the American government compel orderly progress by direct intervention, or was it better to regulate loans from American citizens, discountenance such as did not redound to the credit of the United States and, by approving or disapproving, exercise an indirect but beneficial guidance over orderly evolution in those countries, in the general nature of the theory which underlies our guidance of territories, until they are fit to be sovereign states? Was the system better or worse than letting things go until marines became a necessary adjunct of American diplomacy, and some form of temporary and modified protectorate be forced on us, by invitation of those concerned perhaps, but nevertheless real?

Knox preferred the power of regulated money. He thought it somewhat cynical to induce these republics to "invite" us to put their houses in order by some form of armed occupation.

The dollar diplomacy was intended to meet a widespread need. Mexico, Central America, the Caribbean islands and the northern countries of the Southern continent have all suffered from American filibusters. Decent American business men have always been hampered in their legitimate operations by the activities of American soldiers of fortune, and financial freebooters as well as adventurers and plain professional killers.

The very first thing that struck my attention when I was called on to study revolutionary tendencies that seemed to prevent orderly development was this factor of American participation in them. As I saw it, the task the Department of State had set itself was to respect the sovereignty, dignity and independence of such countries with meticulous care, and at the same time, to help eliminate disorderly North American factors and discountenance disorderly native factors to the utmost of its power. That had of course, a curious resemblance to the objects of the Protocol of Troppau against which the Monroe Doctrine was, in part, directed; but the sequence was a natural one, since we had long since emerged from our own revolutionary status and begun to approximate that of the governments concerned in that instructive protocol.

From the rather vague and easily abused process of "approving" or "disapproving" a bankers' loan to such governments, we passed to the very solid and practical phase of "approving" their employment of fully competent American citizens to advise them in the reorganization of their fiscal system, with, sometimes, some measure of control of disbursements. That phase of the situation reached its high points in the participation of Mr. Owen Young and General Dawes in European affairs, and in the less public but admirable effort of Mr. Dwight Morrow to rebuild Mexican finances on a sound basis.

In the Southern countries the general result has been that responsible American firms new to the South American field have undertaken major public works, thoroughly well executed; American banks have entered the South American field; new private enterprises have started, and all to an extent which has alarmed South Americans and raised visions of an all-devouring North American octopus.

It has seemed to me, however, in this later phase, that their fear is not well founded; that the specter of a highly organized, coldly efficient and ruthlessly strangling American business invasion is merely a specter, for I have known some of the men chosen by great corporations to develop their business in Latin America. One wonders at their complete innocence. At least one chapter of a book might be written about that. Ten years or so ago the results of inexperience showed up disastrously in New York, just as the results of speculation are showing up now, but with all that, the general result of the department's endeavors (supplemented by those of the Pan-American Union and of the Department of Commerce) has been the creation of confidence in the American investing public, in South American securities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some twenty years ago, an attempt by an American private banking firm to reorganize the foreign debt of a South American country, to provide proper sanitation for a port which was the last great focus of infection for bubonic plague and yellow fever, and to set an ailing railroad on its feet, was blocked by a young upper clerk in the department, because he thought it unpatriotic of the bankers to sell resulting government bonds in Belgium and Holland. The cold fact was that they could not be sold in the United States and must be sold in Europe. That incident is unimportant except as evidence of two things: the arbitrary power of very junior officials, and the fact that there was no market in the United States at that time for those South American government bonds.

The fact that such securities were beginning to be widely distributed in the United States later is certainly the result of our governmental efforts to promote American business in South America, and an orderly market would be good for the people of both continents. Some of the present evils of the situation are, no doubt, the result of the disposition of the American speculator, during the late deceased "boom," to buy any rag or piece of paper that had something printed on it. That, however, is not the fault of the State Department, nor of the responsible American business man in South America, nor of the responsible banker. With the speculative tendency that characterized that recent period, sellers of securities were often as irresponsible as buyers. Hence our present tears. Is it a good thing for the State Department, however, to be caught in such a situation?

There is a real question before the Senate: Has government an obligation or a right to foster private business? If it has either or both, what is the proper medium and are there any limits? In the discussion of medium, should the Department in charge of Foreign Relations of the United States, or should the Department of Commerce be the responsible channel, through its Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce?

Into the discussion must come also the question of proper training and organization of the State Department personnel to handle major financial and commercial problems, if these belong properly within the competency of that department, and, as a corollary, whether officials of that public service have always handled these problems both competently and responsibly.

Out of discussion in the Senate a further very interesting question may arise: the limit of the right or duty of a minor officer of the State Department, or even of a Secretary of State in person, to refuse information to the Senate or one of its committees concerning such matters, which are of vital importance.

TWILIGHT IN EUROPEAN DRAMA

By EUGENE M. KOGON

"THE SLOGAN of 'our vanishing theatre' is often used most unjustifiably. The world of beautiful illusion has just as much charm for the public as it ever had," declares the leading theatrical producer of Bavaria, Dr. Ernst Stahl. No doubt he is right. In all times and ages man has sensed the desire to enter into rapport, through the medium of drama, with that ennobled reality which alone gives a meaning to the tangible objects and events of life. But if this be true, how explain the crisis which the theatres of all Europe are quite indubitably facing? It is by no means confined to a Central Europe almost crushed by the weight of its industrial need. France, England and Italy also witness an incessant closing of playhouses, and must resign themselves to paying larger and larger subsidies.

Quite recently the House of Commons endorsed a plan evolved and presented by Mr. Snowden to finance opera during five years. Covent Garden is to receive an annual stipend of £17,500 in addition to the £55,000 which accrues to it each season from broadcasting fees and private aid. The French theatres, inclusive of the Paris Opéra, receive 8,000,000 francs a year from the state. Four Parisian theatres were transformed into movie palaces last spring. In Italy, there is an almost seasonal change of managements and playhouses. The three state theatres of little Austria are given an annual stipend of almost 7,000,000 shillings out of the taxpayer's money. Germany is of all countries the most earnest public supporter of the theatre, though lasting success does not crown the efforts made. The total given to help theatres aided by the nation, the several states and the municipalities ranges between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 marks annually. The Berlin Opera alone receives about 2,000,000 francs a year more than do the Paris Opéra, Opéra Comique, Comédie Française and Théâtre Odéon together. The three official playhouses of Munich get nearly 3,000,000 marks a year, one-third of which comes from the city.

Naturally the reasons underlying this unfavorable balance-sheet differ with the several countries. There is, however, a common factor which is more or less the same everywhere—the long since discernible, gradually increasing, almost irresistible decline of European dramatic art. This is an aspect of the general quandary of Western culture. All attempts to keep the theatre alive with financial means must remain without hope of lasting success while the author, the actor, the director and the spectator have not returned to the fountain-source of art, which is faith (in the widest sense of the term). The film as such did not do nearly so much damage as did the theatre's own self-willed transfor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mation into a business. No technical magic can ever create a substitute for that genuine poetry with which the faerie Thespis can make the hearts of enthralled spectators beat more quickly.

But what can the muse do with people who offer her nothing but financial statements and bills? Here I do not refer to the creditors or financiers of the theatre, but to the "prominent persons" of the stage itself. The public, so frequently blamed, is least of all at fault in spite of cinema, sport and radio; for it is, as Dr. Stahl rightly says, now as ever willing to surrender to "beautiful illusion." The desire for theatrical entertainment is present, but this must really be offered—not bare capital which is likewise brazen enough to demand shameless entrance fees. Whoever looks at the salary schedule of the so-called stars, must be frightened by the extent to which the example, certainly bad in this case, of the film has corrupted the theatre from within. The art of ensembles is worthless now, only this or that "star" counts. Beside them the rest of the artists sink as a "mass" into poverty that is often bitter and quite naturally just as baneful to their powers as their lavish pay is to the favorites. Too little money is, from this point of view, just as bad as too much.

When one bears in mind that at present nearly one-half of the 10,000 actors belonging to the German theatre artists' organization are unemployed; that already in 1930, when conditions were better than they now are, 12,000 applicants sought 7,500 positions; that the minimum wage for a night's work is 12 marks (frequently not even this is paid), and that most actors are employed only by the night and so are frequently out of work—then the 1,800 marks paid nightly to Richard Tauber, or the 4,000 shillings per engagement demanded by Jeritza, or the 2,500 shillings asked by Alfred Piccaver, are obviously too much. Max Pallenberg, a German comedian, "saved" out of honoraria of 2,000 marks each the $217,000 which he recently lost speculating in Holland. Circumstances are particularly bad in Vienna. All the "prominent" personages of the state theatre have contracts guaranteeing a certain number of nights monthly, an arrangement which not long ago led to the curious fact that "Cavalleria Rusticana" was sung with artists in the minor rôles each of whom was getting at least 1,700 shillings. Accordingly, quite apart from the important matter of failure properly to educate new artists, the expenses of a night in the world-famed Viennese opera are sometimes greater than would be the returns from a house packed to the doors! Small wonder that enormous subsidies are required.

Here and there an effort has been made to increase the income of theatres by lowering the charge for tickets. To date, French experience with this plan does not suffice to show whether it will succeed. The Bavarian playhouses have likewise curtailed the price schedules, and their directors believe that as a result of new campaigns for additional subscribers on the present basis—still, it is true, beyond the means of most people—an improvement in box-office returns is definitely noticeable. In Vienna, which continues to charge more than Munich, tickets are far too expensive for the general public. Those in control of the theatre seem determined to proceed with their effort to maintain a luxury art (certainly of good quality) in terms of a long-since-departed Hapsburg era, despite the threat of complete collapse.

Of course prices alone, regardless of how necessary it is to lower them, will not remedy the situation. In England, for instance, experiments with cheap tickets have failed signally. Just before the war Oscar Hammerstein, who had the financial support of Lord Rothschild, tried to establish low-priced opera, partly in London and partly on tour. The tickets cost from a shilling to half a pound. The attempt ended with a deficit of 170,000 pounds. Nor did better luck attend the project of Sir Joseph Beecham, a great artist, who founded an opera circuit in order to break the monopoly of Covent Garden. He expended more than £100,000 in a futile effort to enlist the public's support. In like manner his son, Sir Thomas Beecham, was obliged to declare (during the summer of 1931) the bankruptcy of the Imperial League of Opera, which he had founded and managed.

It cannot be said too insistently that the determining factor in the theatre is the spirit. And from the point of view of the spirit the current European repertories are unfortunately all else but encouraging. Even in France the traditional drama seems to be gradually exhausting its appeal. Nevertheless the theatres of Central Europe continue imperturbably to import callow or smelly dribble (for the most part even badly translated), while American producers, for their part, doubtless hasten to stage the meaningless works of so-called European masters. Berlin announced sixty-eight plays for the winter, the great majority of which were pieces emphasizing a destructive tendency or offering very superficial entertainment. For this condition the international theatre agencies are largely to blame. It is regrettable that as yet no Catholic agency of this kind has been established, under energetic, competent and influential leadership. Mere business promotion, safeguarding of interests and incompetence are now in command.

In so far as Germany is concerned, responsible theatrical directors, honestly anxious to preserve the nation's cultural tradition as well as to use art interpretive of modern realities, hardly dare any longer to present any large number of valuable plays, because the various causes of the crisis are now so far developed that a purposive dramatic policy is out of the question. A man who scarcely knows whether his playhouse will be closed today or tomorrow, is not in a position to do successful work. The reigning economic debacle will exact a good many more victims. In a certain sense it is, no doubt, well that the "culture inflation" of Europe should be halted. The satiated are at last unable to distinguish between quality and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lack of it. We must learn the art of hunger once again!

Professor Leo Kestenberg, supervisor of music in the Prussian Ministry of Education, has made a statistical analysis of German musical enterprise which shows that almost every city in Germany, no matter how small, has its own orchestra. Berlin possesses in addition to the four well-known opera and symphony organizations twelve other orchestral societies. Even the tiny city of Waldenburg in Upper Silesia has "an orchestra of the society of friends of music," which gave nearly fifty symphony concerts during the winter season of 1931. And that is merely one instance. The great majority of theatres and opera houses set for themselves the ambitious task of giving at least 300 performances a year. Not infrequently there is a repertory of thirty or forty different works. The Berlin Staatsoper even preens itself upon having given sixty different operas in a season. About eighty-five German cities maintain permanent opera ensembles; and annually 15,000,000 purchased or donated tickets are distributed for about 13,000 performances. With all due respect for music, this is too much of a good thing!

Thorough preparation of the individual production is impossible on so quantitative a basis. "Bring music to the people" is an excellent slogan, but standardization—which may be all right in automobile manufacturing—is clearly out of place in art. Today the spoiled opera-goers of Germany and Austria are heard complaining, "Tristan and Isolde" again? Tomorrow a new interest must be created in the master works. With less opportunity to indulge a craving for novelty, the producer will ponder more carefully the piece he is to stage; the art risk will be greater; and the public will know, even if deficits have to be made good through subsidies, that the public moneys have not been thrown out of the window for meaningless twaddle and self-appointed stars.

FOR SALE: FREEDOM

By JOSEPH MICHAEL LALLEY

ONE of the dearest, most ineradicable of human faiths is that behind every complexity there must lie a simplicity. Whenever, no doubt, the ancients found the world oppressively vast and confusing, they comforted themselves with the thought that the whole business rested, after all, on nothing more abstruse or complicated than a turtle. It is even more so with ourselves. If nature seems to tantalize us with the mystery of her own essence, it is only a pleasant game, like one of those boxes-within-boxes in which whimsical folk sometimes conceal their gifts. If only we can get to the ultimate box we shall be sure to find the ring or the piece of gold—if not in the isobar, then in the isotope, or if not there, surely in the electron.

What is true of natural science is yet truer of politics. The more the times grow out of joint, the simpler become the formulae for setting them to rights. Have we failed to thrive upon whips? Rest assured, all we need are a few good scorpions. If King Log has made our annals prosy, King Stork will make them epic. Do the poor murmur? Let us abolish poverty by taxing it out of existence. Do our plows rust and our looms grow cobwebs because nearly all the workable wealth of the world has got into hands that have squeezed it to impotence? Let us restore prosperity by giving to the rich whatever wealth has thus far escaped their talons. Are our backs already broken by the millstone of taxes? Let us remove it by borrowing all that we can; and lest this seem too hard on our unborn generation, let us get rid of the difficulty by agreeing to have no more babies. Finally, should all these simple devices fail, let us try the even simpler one of turning our lives and destinies over to the first comer willing to bid for them. Whenever the complexities of freedom become too many for us, we can always find refuge in the utter simplicity of the yoke!

Already, according to the oracles (of whom Mr. James Truslow Adams is the latest), our shoulders hunger for it. The Western world, it seems, is about ready to wash its hands, once and forever, of the political hypothesis we call democracy. Simple as it is, by contrast to monarchy (and if you think *that* simple, read Machiavelli again), democracy is not simple enough for the sad necessities of our time. Hence, we are impatiently awaiting an opportunity to trade the empty rights of liberty, equality and fraternity for, not bread but merely the right to eat the bread we already possess to abundance. For Demos, Mr. Adams thinks, has that weakness of the viscera that is fatal to rulership; he will not, cannot, see things through. Good enough while the score is running well, he is prone to fan out in the pinches, and more than once, even in his palmy days, it has been necessary to bench him. But, when all else fails, there is a sure and simple way of winning the game—by killing the umpire! Wherefore, what can save us now can be only that simplest and crudest of all polities, a dictatorship; though doubtless, with our magnificent talent for euphemism, we shall call it by a sweeter name.

And where, one wonders, are the friends of Demos all this while, and what answer do they make to this mournful indictment? Alas, like the editors of that great organ of liberal democracy, the New York *Nation,* they are too busy with the card index of prospective dictators to bother themselves about anything else. Since Demos, therefore, is at the moment without counsel, let me, who am no great shakes of an advocate, allege in his defense the simple plea of alibi.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whoever, may the court please, has done this terrible crime, this murder of civilization, it was not the defendant—for the simple reason that he was not here!

It was not very long ago that Mr. Gerard published his list of those who ruled us with rods of gold, at which, if I remember, nobody caviled, unless to say that the list was by twenty or thirty names too long. One thing I am sure of: neither my name, nor my next door neighbor's, was on it—nor was yours either, dear reader, I suspect! Now democracy, like Christianity, is something more than a set of catchwords and formularies. If it is anything, it is a revelation, an ethos, of which laws and constitutions are, at best, but outward tokens. Thus it is almost possible to say of democracy, what was so wittily said of Christianity, that it has not worked because it has never been tried. Without the will to liberty, to equality, and most of all to fraternity, the very forms of freedom become instruments of a new oppression.

And so, I think, it has been with us. Now that we have arrived at a kind of interregnum, there is ground to suspect that what we fondly thought was Demos in a Phrygian bonnet was really only George F. Babbitt, somewhat drunk, in the paper hat of a trade convention banquet; and I dare say no throne had yielded a queerer sight since the days of Elagabalus. Surely this was no metamorphosis. Some time and somehow a change of dynasty took place. That none of us can remember the day on which the change occurred, should not surprise us, for even the fall of Rome, it is said, went all but unnoticed by the Romans.

Perhaps it began when the pure political atmosphere became overcast with economic mists; when we ceased to think and dream as yeomen and took up the thoughts and dreams of hucksters. Whenever it was, it was fairly long ago; for by the mid 1920's Babbitt was secure enough upon his throne to hold a kind of jubilee, which was celebrated amid the screech of twenty million massed auto horns, the blare of five million radios, the rumble of a million frigidaires and the rustle of two and a half million financial pages. And after that acclaim there was, if I remember, an eloquent sermon by that Bossuet of capitalism, Mr. J. P. Garvan.

But hardly had Mr. Garvan time to embalm his lyric praises in his encyclopaedia than the subject of his eulogy lay gasping and sick and maybe dying—a sight to fill the world (including, unaccountably, Mr. H. L. Mencken) with the deepest horror. And now, athwart the throne on which the stricken Babbitt sags, there falls "the shadow of the man on horseback"—as Mr. Adams is pleased to call

> That other Shape
> If shape it may be called that shape hath none
> Distinguishable in member, joint or limb;
> Or substance may be called that shadow seems,
> For each seems either—black it stands as night
> Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
> . . .What seems its head
> The likeness of a kingly crown hath on!

What is this fantasm? Is it the Great Economist, upon whom Mr. H. G. Wells has shrilly called to come and deliver us? That is not likely. We are in no mood to suppose that frequency curves will heal us where the blue-prints of human happiness have failed. Or is it, then, that Spenglerian nightmare, the Emperor-God, and at his elbow, the Praetorian Captain; and far behind them both, but riding hard, the all-conquering, all-destroying Khan, whose bolshevik whiskers cannot disguise his fanatic Asian eyes?

God only knows! But where, meanwhile, is the deposed Demos? Is he really dead, as some say, self-slain for chagrin? Or is he, as others think, dragging out his life in degradation, as Mr. Buick punched out his last days on the time clock at General Motors? Or has he, after all, never existed, except as, in the sneering words of Lenin, "a bourgeois dream"—as other men have dreamed of Robin Hood and William Tell? But dead or alive, dream or reality, since we are fated to lose him, let us at least count the loss.

Let us not forget, as Mr. Adams and other good men seem to have forgotten, the high days of Demos's glory when he was the Great Simplicity that had reduced life to a three-word theorem; the days when nothing but his spirit and his song (a better song than any that is likely to replace it) carried his standards everywhere upon two continents. Crimes and stupid crimes, no doubt, were done in his name; but also many heroisms and chivalries. His greatest avatars, Jefferson, Danton, Tone and Bolivar, were men neither ignoble nor unlovable; and for myself, who have nothing to say about it, I would not trade one of them for a hundred of Divus Lenin Augustus, or for a dozen assorted Hitlers and Mussolinis. I would not trade even money for a Saint Louis or a Henri IV.

It is said against Demos that he was mean, shifty, incurably venal—that time and again he sold us out, now to Mars, now to Pecksniff, and finally and irrevocably to Mammon. Can this be the Demos who starving refused to loot, who barefoot and bleeding paraded, eyes front, beside a van load of new shoes? Let us remember, too, that though his war-cry was the equality of all men, he led the Western world (which is to say the Christian Idea) to a greater glory than did crusader or conquistador. With his star steeply rose and fell the white man's power and birth rate.

Was he, as they say, at bottom a Philistine? Was Shelley? Was Burns? Was Beethoven? Was Whitman? True enough, Demos, like Beethoven, was born in the sterile, effeminate classicism of the enlightenment, yet he led us to the mood of high romance which marked our greatest days—the mood of the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies, and of "Prometheus Unbound."

Alas, it is a mood we can never recapture. It is a mood we can no longer even understand. Yet one of these days, for all our smirking pragmatism, we may find ourselves crying upon Demos in the voice of Sancho Panza: "Worthy master, do not die this bout; but live and lead us into new adventures!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Places and Persons

WITH T-SQUARE IN OLD CHINA

By A. and M. SMALL

BUILDING in a land which is creeping from the darkness of the middle ages into the light of the twentieth century is an adventure. China is still largely in the handicraft stage. However, along with the political and social revolutions an industrial and economic upheaval has added to the present chaos but points toward future stability and progress. A new order of society cannot suddenly, if ever, transform such a huge, unwieldly nation and such an unchanging, conservative people. Thus construction work is not only an adventure in the old Flowery Kingdom but it is also the manipulation of the component parts of a Chinese puzzle under chaotic political and social conditions to achieve useful, pleasing modern buildings.

The elements of the puzzle the architect and engineer has to put together are the contractors, the workmen, even the strange people among whom he is laboring, building materials, both native and foreign, and queer conditions peculiar to China and to the Chinese. The last portion presents to the alien puzzle-solver the greatest number of problems. It is imperative for him to respect customs and traditions with which he cannot sympathize in order that he may maintain harmonious relations with the people whose guest he is.

The builder in China is dependent upon native contractors and sub-contractors. They are legion. Some are good, many are bad. Hence the contractors must be chosen with care. Their honorable title is *Lao Pan* or "Old Board." Some are so rich that they are lazy, and much of their work falls upon the engineer in case he has unwittingly chosen such. Others are so poor that they, for a reason known only to themselves, will often beg for a job at a loss—perhaps for the "face" it gives them. There was the gay, porky one who looked like the Laughing Buddha idol. He was a connoisseur in sing-song girls and the husband of a woman who smoked huge cigars and swore at his workmen when they needed discipline. There was another never-to-be-forgotten contractor of vivid personality and doubtful character whose name literally translated was "Little Teapot." This "teapot," in spite of the old adage, would bear constant watching if the architect was to keep his accounts on the right side of the ledger. There was the skilful worker in metals who could duplicate anything from a hairpin to a furnace provided he had a pattern or a picture. Like the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, time would fail the author to tell of all these faithful—and unfaithful—contractors.

After plans for a building project have been drafted, they are turned over to rival and presumably reliable contractors for bids. English specifications are seldom comprehended by contractors inland. Their Chinese scholars upon whom they are dependent rarely understand the technical terms of the profession, so Chinese specifications are merely the lesser of two evils. Since a contract is the meeting of two minds, the situation is particularly difficult when one mind is Oriental and the other Occidental. The author used both English and Chinese specifications, his in English and the contractor's in Chinese. These two sets were similarly numbered item by item from the foundations to the top of the chimney inclusive. In Chinese, the two discussed each article so that there could be no doubt and no afterthoughts. After a great deal of talk and more tea-drinking, the final bids were made. The author did this with each contractor who was asked to submit his price. This bilingual method was tedious and often took a week or more, but the time was more than saved later. All things considered, the lowest bidder usually got the job.

The question of the contractor settled and the price decided, the next piece of the puzzle to put in place was the workmen. The contractors provided their own workmen, but the builder is constantly confronted with the problems they create. Chinese labor is the cheapest item in building. Skilled masons, painters, carpenters and blacksmiths were paid until recently from twenty to thirty cents, United States currency, per day plus their rice. They worked from sunup to sundown and never asked for shorter hours with more pay. They only insisted on their siesta. They could snore equally well curled up on a bamboo pole or stretched out on a pile of bricks. Unskilled laborers worked harder for less money.

Chinese workmen are inclined to do most things backwards, hence they have to be watched with an eagle eye if the work is to be properly done. They invariably read a blue-print upside down and they have the tendency to do everything *cha-pu-do,* which means "just about." Blue-prints may be drawn to the largest scale and the "foreign devil" may talk himself blue in the face, but it requires eternal vigilance to get buildings erected to scale and not *cha-pu-do.*

Instead of laying the bricks to line in the mortar, the Chinese mason butters the brick, turns it over and lays it in place. This necessitates watching to see that no bubble of air is left after the brick has been stamped into place. Masons carry their own bricks up the scaffolding by passing two or three at a time from man to man as they sit on different levels. Apprentices carry the mortar up in small wooden buckets holding about twenty pounds. The masons use no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mortar board. Since all this work is done under contract, the element of time only enters in when the client is in a hurry—and the client finds China is a bad place for one to be in a hurry for anything!

Like many another simple soul, the Chinese workman is superstitious. He has unshaken belief in the spirits of the wind and water or *feng-shui*. Therefore to propitate the influence of these good and evil spirits, as the case for that particular locality may be, he attaches a tuft of green leaves to the top of the scaffolding poles.

The Chinese workman is the happiest, the most efficient in some ways, and the most easily managed laborer on earth if justly and understandingly treated. He may not be noted for his speed or intelligence but his patience and faithfulness cannot be gainsaid. His tools may be crude and his methods ancient but he has achieved a skill in handicraft to be envied in this age of machine products. While he may never have heard of the Eighteenth Amendment or the League of Nations, he can carve a scroll or fashion a dragon in marble that will be a thing of beauty as long as the present civilization stands.

While Chinese labor is the cheapest item in the building puzzle, materials are the most expensive. Both foreign and native materials are used. Oregon pine, the harder and more costly oak, and teak from the reeking jungles of India and Burma are imported. Japanese oak and red ash are popular for the cheaper grades of furniture and woodwork. Native lumber is limited in size and durability. The Soochow cedar pole is seldom more than six inches in diameter at the butt. Since it runs to thirty feet or more in height, it is useful for scaffolding. Chinese pine is crooked and unless used in dry places has a short period of usefulness. Chinese blackwood is prized so highly for furniture and works of art that it is sold by the *catty* or one and one-third pounds.

Most of China's modern buildings are of brick. They have to be built to withstand the driving typhoons of the Orient. Present-day bricks vary in different communities. China's best bricks were made long before Columbus embarked on his adventuruous voyage of discovery. These are found in the walls that surround many of China's ancient cities. Some of these bricks weigh over forty pounds and are peculiar in that they are covered with a thin flintlike substance over a softer interior. They have withstood the sun and the storms and the strife of centuries. The author is most familiar with those of the city wall of the present capital. He and a native assistant tried to decipher the characters that were stamped on the edges of the old bricks. They told of the days when Nanking was the proud capital of a mighty dynasty. They had been extorted as tribute for the emperor. The characters told also the provinces, cities and authorities from whence they came. Without question much blood had been sweated in their making by serfs, slaves and prisoners of war. Whenever a part of this ancient wall was torn down to meet modern needs, these bricks were in great demand for present building.

Stone, marble and limestone are native products. Women have the monoply of breaking up the stones. They sit on the ground and work with their hammers, while the babies tied on their backs squeal for the nourishment that is not far away, and older children play just beyond reach of the chips of stone that fly off from the busy hammers.

Cement is manufactured by both Chinese and British concerns in the big ports. Steel was ordered direct from an agent who supplied it in stock lengths to suit the specifications. This work is done better and more accurately by the foreign agent than by the local men.

Choosing the contractor, fitting the workmen to the task and selecting materials does not complete the puzzle. There are smaller pieces of great importance that must dovetail in with the large parts before the perfect whole is achieved. There are many conditions and problems peculiar to China and to the Chinese that must be successfully met before the task can be completed.

Before the ground can be broken, land must be purchased. A great many of China's most desirable building sites are covered with graves. Therefore securing land involves grave difficulties in both senses of the word. First the land is bought and then an attempt is made to buy the graves. If the prospective purchaser shows too much eagerness, a most touching tenderness is often discovered for the last resting place of an ancestor who died two or three centuries earlier. Often many families have to be bargained with before the ground can be cleared for operations. Once the land and the graves are bought, there comes the task of getting filial decendants to remove the coffins. The wood in the coffins removed after being in the ground two or three hundred years is sometimes found in a perfect state of preservation. It is usually the old women who cause the most trouble. A noted authority on China has rightly said that a Chinese woman's feet may be bound but not her other end. The author has been cursed along with all his ancestors for insisting on the removal of coffins according to agreement. When he has been sure right was on his side, he has on several occasions exhumed the bodies and put the coffins on the edge of the site for removal. Affection for the remains cools when the mourners find there is no possibility of striking a better bargain for their long-dead ancestors.

There are ways of dealing with these garrulous Amazons when they are illegally holding on to grave sites for higher prices. Under no circumstances should a finger be laid upon her—not even to gently lead her from the site. However, it is perfectly right and conventional to throw a bucket of cold water on such a pest. Another old woman was cursing the author while he was staking out a building. Finding cursing availed her nothing, she laid hold of his coat tails —a thing no lady should have done! He decided the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time had come for action. He started making long jumps from one grave mound to the next on his number elevens while the bound-foot woman, still clinging to his coat tails, hopped along in his wake as best she could. She soon tired of cursing and was glad to leave the site and the author. The dispute ended then and there and caused great merriment among the spectators.

In each building project there was the water supply problem in a city with no municipal water system. So far as possible they are obliged to depend upon the rainfall. From June to October this averaged forty to fifty inches. This water had to be stored in cisterns to tide over the dry season. For irrigation purposes wells and ponds, both contaminated, were the sources of supply, but these usually were dry before the end of the season. It was therefore necessary to sink wells too often to suit the busy builder. These varied from sinking a pipe four inches in diameter to a caisson ten feet in diameter.

As the foreign architect and engineer works at his profession and attempts to put together the parts of his puzzle in topsy-turvey land, he must tread softly and speak tactfully lest he offend either the spirits of the locality or the time-honored traditions of a great people.

Building in China is an adventure. The Chinese puzzle with all its queer parts can be put together, even under the present unfavorable conditions, to produce modern, useful and artistic buildings in all parts of the old Flowery Kingdom.

Plankton

One will be a warrior;
  One will be a priest;
One will deal in little cakes
  And ices for a feast;
One will venture underseas;
  One will sweep the sky;
But here in study-hall they frown
  O'er x-square minus y.

One will be a bank cashier;
  One will drive a truck;
One will teach the ladies bridge;
  One will shovel muck;
One will cure the stomach ache,
  While one is selling fudge;
But here they all through Hither Gaul
  With Caesar's legions trudge.

Soon, too soon, come wrinkles,
  Beards and swelling girth;
Soon they don the liveries
  That placard men of earth;
Soon must come the need of gold,
  Restlessness and pain—
How they'll yearn to spatter ink
  In study-hall again!

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

A REFUGE OF THE JOBLESS

By HERBERT REED

CARAVANSARIES there are, almost without number, along the broad ribbon of highway known as the Albany Post Road, leading from New York to the state capital—jingling, jazzy, chicken-dinner affairs, rather impolitely known as tourist traps. But tucked away in the woods, well up an acclivity from the main artery of travel, there is a long, low, green building with chapel and cross surmounting, where at this writing 178 once weary, world-worn, hitherto hopeless travelers are being transformed into happy, well-fed, thoroughly occupied and contented workmen. For some it is a one day's refuge, for many more a home indeed, until such time as, with heads up, they again fare forth into the world.

This is St. Christopher's Inn, some three miles from Garrison, half-way up the Mount of Atonement, home of the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, a remarkable monument to practical Christianity in these drear days of unemployment and worse. No procession of streamline-bodied cars halts at or departs from this wayside hostelry; there is no sound of sirens. The jobless, the world-worn and the weary come and go under their own power, perhaps only for a meal, maybe for a night's lodging; drawn only by the certainty of food and shelter and the prospect of work. For the work goes on apace, and the slowly rising stories of a new inn in concrete and steel, are earnest of what the future has in store. This is no one-man charity, splendid as such things often are, but dependent for its endowment, its existence from day to day, and its future, on gifts, no matter how small, from those familiar with the work it is doing.

In the vernacular, it might be said that the undertaking was started on a shoe-string, with no other incentive than the sacred tradition inherited from Saint Francis himself. Thus from their first coming to Graymoor the Friars and Sisters of the Atonement were always ready to extend hospitality to the poverty-stricken. Just as Saint Francis in his day took so much to heart the divine saying, "Amen, I say unto you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me," so Father Paul James Francis, the Father General, keeps alive here the sentiment and the practice, both so terribly needed now.

The outsider perhaps, the casual visitor, might call these men "tramps," "knights of the road," anything, so it be derogatory. There is, however, a certain highly treasured self-respect about them that belies any such appellation, and in many years of experience in the newspaper world I have seen many refuges, lodging houses and hospices of the penniless.

Just at this time these Brothers Christopher, as the monks call them, which is to say "Christ bearer," for as everybody knows Saint Christopher was always the patron saint of the wayfarer and the traveler of high

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and low degree, represent not the dregs of our workaday world, but are rather baffled men, suffering an economic distress and a battering of the fighting spirit that is taking its toll even in social ranks far above those from which they come. Little by little they emerge here from their bewilderment, living and toiling daily in a helpful, serene world. That is the process that the outsider will find at work, if he has eyes to see. Whatever worries there are—and there are many in a year of world-wide distress—are carried by the Fathers themselves with a simple faith that somewhat staggers the stranger.

It strikes such a stranger as a supreme act of courage to throw out the latchstring, as it is done here, to any and all comers, without prejudice of creed, sect, race, nationality or color. It is what even the most capable organizer of the business world would call a large order. Just how large, a few figures will show.

No complete record has been kept, but it is a modest estimate to say that in the course of the last ten years St. Christopher's Inn has lodged for the night upward of fifty thousand wayfarers. Some idea of the vastness of the undertaking may be gained from the statement that whereas, five years ago, 49,969 meals were given out, the record for 1930 shows a distribution of 118,130. Again, in 1925, 16,656 availed themselves of a night's lodging, while in 1930 the overnight stops ran up to 39,399. The steady rise in the demands on St. Christopher's Inn represent a soaring upward curve on the chart of this achievement, and the end is not yet.

Graymoor is a busy place. There is constant activity on every step and terrace of it, and in this the Brothers Christopher play a major part. Skilled artisans are among their number, as they were in similar circumstances in the middle ages, and the whole terrain shows it. As for the brown-habited Franciscans of the Atonement themselves, they are not found dreaming away the hours beside a picturesque well, as in our favorite Old World post cards. Every Friar has his full quota of work to do for every day, and none are idle from the Fathers at the head of the institute to the lowliest lay Brother.

There is just another point that may be of interest to the outsider, especially anyone experienced with other forms of effort in behalf of the workless and the hungry. The Brother Christopher who toils up to the inn door shuts his past behind him—his struggles and his defeats. He need not speak of them, and seldom does. Not a question is asked. True life stories are here in plenty, but they are stories that never will be told.

Not that the Brothers Christopher are "clams" by any means. At night there is entertainment in plenty by extremely local talent, there is the solace of tobacco, there is a chance to read, and a radio of very capable home construction keeps ex-wanderers in touch with the outside world, and adds to the comfort and cheer of the place. One Brother Christopher has found so much peace and happiness in the life that he has sojourned here twenty-two years, and looks good for many more.

While it is no surprise to find the inn bulging at this time, with not a few men, by the way, who have drawn their $18.00 or so a day in the heyday of 1928, it must be remembered that the inn has always had its quota. It gathers in its share annually of the great trek northward and westward of hosts in search of work in the summer, and of the drift toward the city in autumn and winter months.

There is no high percentage here of mere flotsam and jetsam. It is a tide of real workers, something amply approved from the very early days, when the wood-pile was about the only test of the will to work. Stone-cutters, carpenters, cabinet-makers, even the most delicate of craftsmanship is represented here. At present the song of the truck is heard on the hill, the truck bearing the long steel beams that are to expand the building not merely for shelter, but into a workshop where the Brothers Christopher may have at their command lathes and all the other gadgets of industry, and it is the hope and the will and almost a fierce faith in the hearts of the brown Friars that this little republic established here will grow ever stronger in the support of those who little by little are learning something of its problems and its undertakings and its fruits.

HUMPHREY J. DESMOND

By IRVING A. J. LAWRES

WHEN I first walked into the small dark office of Humphrey J. Desmond, I saw a tall, somewhat stooped-over man, almost entirely bald, with a closely cropped grey mustache. He had slumped down in his swivel chair, his feet on the desk, and he was peering into a tiny pocket diary, the thick lenses of his eye-glasses scarcely a half-inch from the page of the little book. I was a mere boy of seventeen looking for a job. After less than a dozen words, he instructed his bookkeeper to start me out collecting old bills.

For the next seven years, I worked for and with the editor of the *Catholic Citizen,* of Milwaukee, in various capacities until I became his associate editor. I soon realized that this meditative man of few words was an extraordinary person of rare abilities and personality. He was a humble man, always avoiding personal publicity or advantage, and yet he achieved business success and exercised widespread influence in our present-day Catholic life. He died February 16, at the age of seventy-three, the dean of Catholic lay editors in the country, after more than fifty years' service to the Catholic press.

"H.J.," as he was known to both his office force and family, graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1880, where he had been co-editor of the university paper with the late Senator Robert M. La Follette. He was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in Milwaukee, supplementing his earnings by writing editorials for the *Catholic Citizen.* From his interest in local real estate he derived considerable profit.

In 1891 Mr. Desmond became the owner of the *Citizen* and proceeded to publish a paper that was both readable and profitable. He also carried on with renewed effort his interests

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in civic and religious affairs. In 1881 he had fought vigorously the Church Taxation Bill, which after six years' agitation ceased to be an issue in state politics. For six years (1883-1889) he served as a member of the Milwaukee School Board, and as chairman of the Committee on Manual Training had much to do with making this practical study a part of the city school curriculum. As chairman of the Committee on Education in the State Legislature he drafted the first compulsory education law in the state.

It would require a great deal of space merely to list the activities which Mr. Desmond initiated or fostered. He successfully campaigned for Catholic chaplains at the reformatories in Illinois and Wisconsin where Catholics were required to attend Protestant religious services, drafted the Wisconsin Freedom of Worship Act which passed the legislature, and by working to kill the Bennett Law helped to defeat sectarianism in the public schools. As an editor, through the columns of his paper, he raised funds to carry on the famous Edgerton Bible case and, as an attorney for the Catholics, successfully pleaded the case in court. Though opposed to prohibition, he was a constant crusader for temperance. He fought the A.P.A. and Ku Klux movements with special editions running to 100,000 copies. He advocated a Western Catholic summer school and the promotion of Catholic reading circles and made a campaign for what he called "spiritually neglected Italians" in this country. The Marquette Woman's League was founded in his home, and he actively campaigned for the placing of the statue of Père Marquette in Statuary Hall of the National Capitol. Long before the present Catholic Press Month was adopted he constantly advocated the idea of Catholic Press Sunday. It seems apt that he should die in February, Catholic Press Month.

"H.J." bought or acquired many other papers from time to time, some of which were merged, though a number still continue under their old names such as the *Northwestern Chronicle* of St. Paul, the *Catholic Journal* of Memphis and the *New Century* of Washington. When the late Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee started an official Catholic weekly of his own, and many of the clergy of the diocese campaigned for it personally, the *Citizen* avoided all personalities or even reference to the new competition, and increased in circulation and advertising. For a time Mr. Desmond served as vice-president of the Catholic Press Association of which he was one of the founders. He was vice-president of the Irish Historical Society of New York and a member of the American Historical Association, the Wisconsin Historical Society, the National Conference of Charities and many Milwaukee clubs, and was a charter member of the Knights of Columbus. In 1917 Notre Dame University conferred on him the LL.D. Degree.

He was the author of more than twenty books, many of which were collections of short essays. The best known are "Why God Loves the Irish," "Mooted Questions of History," "Curious Chapters in American History," and "The Church and Law." He contributed to many journals and periodicals and wrote more than fifteen thousand editorials and twenty-five hundred columns of comment. His style was marked with an economy of expression, a unique touch of interest and a fearless and original point of view.

Mr. Desmond's life was one of outstanding achievement because of a remarkable combination of abilities. Scholar, journalist, lawyer, business man, he worked hard and supervised every detail of his business. He had a tremendous handicap for a scholar, for he was almost blind for many years. Nevertheless, he read four books a week and followed all the exchanges and periodicals. His wife or one of his six children often read to him in the evening. He was a brilliant after-dinner speaker and combined a rare Irish wit with an informal lightness of touch.

He was careful in expenditures, a most necessary precaution in a business where the margin of profit, when any, is small. Yet he was generous with his employees and would make almost any concession that did not disrupt the policy of his paper.

The *Catholic Citizen* was a successful and profitable journal because, above all, the editor insisted that every item in every issue be "readable." He stood fast against the pressure of local organizations which wished to fill the columns with parish events. A certain amount of space was alloted to each department. A "Five-minute Sermon" of six or eight inches was supposed to be the only "sermon" or "preachy" part of the paper. Long articles of any kind were to be avoided. "People don't read them," he kept reiterating. With the exception of certain features, news articles were to be kept down to about five inches, or less if possible. Foreign news, except when of great importance, was always to be treated briefly. He adhered to his own rules and made most of his editorials brief, pithy and to the point. His facile, compact style made this relatively easy. This editorial policy, combined with constant field work, explains why his papers thrived and grew strong while hundreds of others failed or struggled along with a few thousand circulation.

In his columns as well as in his editorials he sought to instruct his readers without ever appearing to do so. His attitude was always conservative and sound and was expressed without heat or emotion. He seemed to be almost entirely lacking in any kind of bias. Nevertheless his position was always clear. He never hedged. He had the respect of his non-Catholic contemporaries as well as of those of his own faith. Dr. Dan B. Brummitt, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate,* once wrote him: "You have something distinctive which has come to you out of your long service—an intellectual detachment and a cool courage which through the half-century have given you the loyal confidence of your readers. They are for you even when they might hesitate to be with you." This, in the main, was the attitude with which all the Protestant reviews recognized his spirit of fairness, his desire for "light, not heat."

His personal life was as simple as that which he advocated in his editorials. Though by income he could have indulged himself in almost any luxury, his wants were remarkably few. I often thought that he led an almost entirely interior life. He seldom spoke, and then only briefly, with never a wasted word. He seemed ever to be meditating or thinking.

It was, of course, impossible for a younger person like myself to know him intimately, particularly since he maintained such an air of silence and reserve. Nevertheless, I shall never forget the years I worked under him. He taught me a great deal about business and life in general. Perhaps he did not suspect he was exercising an influence for righteousness, for work solidly and well done, for a conservative attitude, for a balanced and unemotional point of view, for adhering to principles that one believes to be right and never compromising with what is wrong. Such, too, was the influence on his readers of one of the last of the great "personal editors" of the country.

And so ends a noble career to which the Church in the United States is indebted more than can be measured. Cardinal Hayes of New York said on the occasion of Mr. Desmond's Golden Jubilee in 1930: "Catholic journalism will be forever indebted, not only to the half-century of notable service, but especially to the spirit of faith, loyalty and high idealism which animated Mr. Desmond."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Moon in the Yellow River

THE THEATRE GUILD'S latest offering is a play of modern Ireland by a Dublin lawyer, named Denis Johnston, who has also done a share of theatrical producing. The present play was first produced at Dublin's Abbey Theatre in April of last year (with what success the Guild does not tell us) and the author assures us that "nearly all the events in 'The Moon in the Yellow River' are founded on fact." This may partly explain its lamentable failure to materialize as a coherent play. Creative imagination is usually much more apt to produce a lucid play than the attempt to correlate actual scattered incidents.

The sight or the intimate knowledge of actual events may produce a profound impression on an author without in the least furnishing the basis for a dramatic idea. The reason for this is not difficult to find. A dramatic idea involves primarily a distinct central theme, usually some problem presented to a character and that person's solution of the problem, whereas events and incidents, no matter how "dramatic," belong to a play only as illustrating or emphasizing some part of the theme. Thus the author who is too close to events may often try to string a group of authentic incidents together before he has settled upon a theme which actually requires those incidents. Or he may be so anxious to bring in some particular remembered incident that he unconsciously distorts the theme to make room for the favorite happening.

Something of this sort undoubtedly happened to Mr. Johnston in writing "The Moon in the Yellow River." Its theme, if it has one, is thoroughly obscured by a whole string of incidents, mostly unrelated except at the cost of straining the plot structure, and by the author's own indecision as to which is actually the central character of his play. We have an embittered observer of human frailties named Dobelle, to whom the closing lines and moral discoveries of the play are delegated; a dashing young Irish republican, Darrell Blake, who loves debating as much as liquor; and a German electrical engineer, Tausch, who symbolizes the egotism of mental power, and incurs the enmity of the Republicans by building a power house. In the end, the power house is blown up, Blake is killed by a bullet from a Free State trooper, and Dobelle is somehow so affected by these incidents that he forgives his daughter, whose birth had cost her mother's life, and discovers out of thin air some vague concept of a dualistic god.

If this outline seems vague and a bit purposeless, it is hardly more so than the play itself, which wanders from incident to incident, with interminable connecting passages of dialogue, debate and suspended action that is not suspense. There is also much ornamentation in the way of comic relief characters who are more nearly caricatures, including Dobelle's elderly sister who keeps her bicycle in her upstairs bedroom and is fond of roller skating. Dobelle, for whose spiritual benefit most of the incidents seem to be assembled, has a purely passive rôle, acted upon rather than acting. Blake is certainly not the dramatic hero although most of the "dramatic" action is assigned to him. Tausch remains so obvious a symbol that he never emerges as an individual character. He and his power house are apparently one in the author's mind, and might just as well be one so far as the audience is concerned. We have no hero, then, about whom the theme of the play can revolve and no clear and single theme to revolve about a hero if we had one. Somehow the impression goes forth that Republican Ireland is in revolt against mechanical progress as being a breeder of slaves, but what that has to do with the private life and philosophy of Dobelle is uncertain, unless Mr. Johnston is trying, through accumulating incidents, to write a sort of Irish "Street Scene." If so, his failure is as great as his worthy ambition.

The Theatre Guild must take much of the blame for this well-intentioned but lugubrious hodge-podge. Henry Hull, as Blake, struts mightily but is more like a cadet of Gascony than an Irish hot-head. Claude Rains is sinister, precise and reasonably mad as Dobelle. Tausch, as played by Egon Brecher, is obviously German enough for any occasion, but too monotonous to be interesting. The exaggerations of the part of Dobelle's sister make it impossible to say whether the resulting fiasco is the fault of Alma Kruger or of the author or of Philip Moeller's erratic direction. Two parts are exceedingly well played—that of the Commandant of the Free State garrison by William Harrigan, and that of Blanaid, Dobelle's daughter, by Gertrude Flynn. Theirs are the only parts that emerge with a true and unexaggerated Irish feeling. In casting and direction, the Guild has done all it could to obfuscate what meaning the play may have had in the text and to make one utterly conscious of actors on rather futile parade. (At the Guild Theatre.)

The Art of Escudero

EVER since the days when Mei Lan Fang brought his superlative but complex art before American audiences, it has become increasingly puzzling to know just what to do with visiting foreign artists in specialized fields. In the case of Mei Lan Fang, I happened to have the advantage, before watching one of his performances, of hearing his personal explanation of various finer points made to a small group of interested listeners. Yet even with this helpful introduction, I was acutely conscious of missing most of the underlying art of his technique, and of seeing only the obvious externals. Art of this character, resting on long tradition and on a hundred precise and meaningful conventions, can be appreciated only after years of close familiarity and study. Mei Lan Fang created many visual patterns which, to me, were exquisite. Yet I had to accept it merely on faith and hearsay that these patterns were also exquisite to the eyes of the Chinese. One encounters much the same difficulty in appraising the spirited and subtly humorous work of the Spanish dancer, Vincente Escudero, and of his partner and pupil, Carmita.

In this instance, however, it is perhaps the variations from strict Spanish traditions which one should be able to detect rather than the skilled conformity to them. Escudero is unquestionably an individualist. He does not devote himself to a perfect rendering of traditional dances so much as to their adaptation and elaboration into patterns and ideas of his own. To the untrained and inexpert eye, they are bold and vivid patterns, punctuated at times with a sly and informal humor, and occasionally slipping into the deliberately grotesque or tragic. They never fail to achieve that triumphant and hypnotic rhythm which seems to vibrate in the very air of Spain. But whether, to a Spaniard versed in the intricacies and meanings of the national dances, they would appear eccentric or superlatively correct, I cannot say. I have the same sense of having missed more than half of their import that I had after seeing Mei Lan Fang's plays. An Andalusian villager might feel the same way after seeing some of Bill Robinson's superlative tap dancing. It is all a matter of knowing, or of not knowing, intimately the background from which the work of the individual artist starts. The point of attainment can hardly be gaged without knowing first the point of departure.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This much, however, can be said without qualification—that the Escudero dances achieve a vigorous dramatic quality in their own right. They fill the eye and ear, and their images invariably suggest a comic or tender or terrifying theme. They are rarely a simple matter of visual grace. They give definite form to an understandable idea, and the form always has a clear and strong outline. Escudero is unquestionably an artist both in his ideas and in his technique. How excellent he is as a Spanish artist is another matter. My guess would be that he has greatly expanded the Spanish traditions without violating their essential character.

The Congressman and the Critics

THAT member of Congress whose rage at New York dramatic critics has recently filled so many newspaper columns has overlooked just one essential fact. Plays are reported and commented on in the newspapers and magazines for just one reason—that the readers want to be informed as to which plays are worth the still high price of orchestra or balcony seats. If it is "destroying property values" to say that a poor play is poor, then it is also robbing hard-earned property to say that a poor play is good. There is no possible halfway point between brutally truthful reporting of honest impressions and the complete omission of all reporting whatsoever—leaving the theatrical merchant to sell his own wares by paid advertising if he can. This much, however, we must grant the irate Congressman: the reporting should be not one whit more than an honest impression. The moment it becomes actor-baiting or manager-baiting or stoops to needless ridicule for the sake of "being amusing," it has no place in any newspaper worthy of the name. Many a play could be most mercifully reported in two lines without, so to speak, further benefit of reporter.

It has always seemed to me that the task of the critic is to report his honest thoughts about a play to his readers very much as an individual might be asked to report to some friend. The critic goes to the theatre as the agent of his readers and whether those readers number a few thousand or several hundred thousand should make no difference in his attitude and purpose. He is being delegated by those readers as a committee of one to help them determine whether or not they, in turn, will pay for the privilege of seeing the particular play. Of course it is quite obvious that in writing for them, the critic should make every effort to have his report readable.

Moreover, he should, if possible give some of the reasons for arriving at his decision. If, for example, he dislikes a given play because it is sentimental, he should state that fact honestly for the simple reason that many of his readers may enjoy a sentimental play hugely. He may also dislike a play because of its attempt at modernistic treatment, but there may be at least a few of his readers who particularly enjoy this type of production. By stating his reasons for liking or disliking a play, or for being indifferent to it, the critic gives his readers an opportunity to judge for themselves whether they still want to see the play. No one can possibly object, therefore, to critics who make a frank statement of their own impression and who make that statement in a reasonably interesting fashion and who outline suitably and clearly the reasons leading up to their final impression. The real trouble seems to be that a few critics here and there have used their very broad charter of free speech as a means for being personally amusing at the expense of individual actors, managers or playwrights. There is undoubtedly room in a great deal of modern criticism for a few drops of charity as a neutralizing agent for the critic's instinctively acid pen.

COMMUNICATIONS

LITURGICAL GLEANINGS FROM NORTH CAROLINA

Scranton, Pa.

TO the Editor: One reads with avid interest the accounts of all that is being accomplished toward the "restoration of all things in Christ" in our various colleges and academies throughout the land. I wonder if it would not interest many readers to know something of similar accomplishments of schools in a little thought-of and practically unworked vineyard which some choose to call the "China of America"—the mission schools of North Carolina.

In the city of Raleigh St. Monica's School for colored children, under the guidance of Reverend Charles J. Hannigan, S.S.J., opened its doors in September, 1930. Five Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary from Marywood College, Scranton, Pennsylvania, went joyfully into this new field of labor.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, three months after this opening, the children, none of whom had the gift of faith, sang the "Missa cum Jubilo," the Proper of the Mass for the feast arranged to Psalm tones and the César Franck "Ave Maria" in two parts. After listening to this program, nothing seems impossible. The learning of the Latin must have been a prodigious task in itself, when one considers the poorly enunciated and dialectic English. Yet this group of children from fourth to seventh grades inclusive learned the Proper parts of the Mass for seven feast days in the first year of the school's existence.

The Ward Method of sight-singing is a part of the day's routine. Consequently a musical foundation is already assured. This has caused several prominent musicians of the city of Raleigh to visit the school to observe the work, and inquire into the method. Among these I may mention the supervisor of music of the Raleigh public schools, the superintendent of the public schools, and a faculty member of North Carolina University.

Another year has passed since then, a year that has been fruitful indeed in that Christ has been pleased to come into the hearts of many of these little children in First Holy Communion—into the hearts that invited Him through the liturgical song of His Holy Church.

Journeying eastward about eighty miles, one reaches the historic city of New Bern. Here is St. Joseph's Mission for colored children in charge of Father Julian Endler, C.P. Upon my first visit there the hospitality offered was that of assisting at High Mass—the hospitality of Christ Himself, the feast of the King. This Mass, the "Missa de Angelis," was sung by the children of the school, without organ accompaniment. Many of the group were not yet Catholics, and many others, about fifty who were recent converts, received Holy Communion.

Across the city of New Bern is St. Paul's Mission School for the white children, under the pastorate of Reverend Michael Erwin. Father Erwin is a musician and more—a great lover of Gregorian chant and has enjoyed as mentor the great Dom Mocquereau at the Pius X School of Liturgical Music in New York City. One would therefore expect Father Erwin to promulgate the study of the chant in his school. But would one honestly expect to find in the second year of its existence that the children not only sing the "Missa de Angelis" well but also the entire Requiem Mass?

By continuing eastward one reaches the charming old city of Washington, North Carolina, on the Pamlico River. We hear it spoken of frequently as "Little Washington" by way of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinction from our nation's capital, though it enjoys a greater existence in terms of time.

Our Mother of Mercy School here, with over two hundred colored children, is in its fifth year. Reverend Father Mark Moeslein, C.P., guides its destiny. To hear the fervor of his prayer after daily Mass for the $20,000 with which to build the needed addition to the school, is to wonder how anyone who has $20,000 could possibly resist giving it at once.

Can you imagine the surprise it was to hear the Kyrie, Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei of the "Missa cum Jubilo" in the primary room here? Inquiring minds will naturally conclude that it must have been done entirely by rote. That decision I shall leave to the reader, after telling that I could sing any incise or fragment thereof on a neutral vowel and the children could go to the board and locate it readily from the number notation which was written there.

It was my privilege to conduct a rehearsal in preparation for the festival of Christmas. The Introit was sung *recto tono,* the "Cantante Domino" and "Gloria Patri" to the seventh Psalm tone; the Gradual and Offertory were chanted *recto tono;* the Communion was sung to its proper first mode melody; the Ordinary of the Mass was the "Cum Jubilo," and a supplementary Offertory was "Jesu Redemptor" by Ravenello sung in three parts. May I ask in how many of our Catholic high schools it is possible to hear three-part singing well done? And in how many of our elementary schools? And how many of our elementary schools can participate in the singing of the Mass with all of its parts, with liturgical correctness and interest?

Numbers of converts among both children and adults have been made in this short period of time. We believe that instilling a knowledge of, and a love for, the liturgy has aided not a little in drawing souls to God.

Another school for white children which has done notable work in music, is St. Mary's School in Goldsboro, now in its fifth year. It was founded by Reverend A. R. Freeman, who has recently been named pastor of Sacred Heart Cathedral in Raleigh. Interesting lectures on the beauty, structure and interpretation of Gregorian chant, with the aid of the Solesmes recordings, have been given by Father Freeman to several musical organizations in the state of North Carolina. And it may be forecast that through his musical apostleship the Sacred Heart Cathedral choir will very soon be one of the outstanding liturgical organizations in this country.

Back of all this accomplishment stands a great spirit—that of the beloved Bishop of Raleigh, the Right Reverend William J. Hafey. Without doubt his great zeal for souls and love for the liturgy has so diffused itself that his co-workers, the Sisters, find nothing impossible to attempt.

May I digress here to ask, is a definitely outlined course of music which includes a study of Gregorian notation, modes and rhythm an essential in the education of these children? Yes, we believe it is. We think it is educative in the highest sense. And if music be the education of feeling, this music is par excellence the education of Catholic feeling. If it is the duty of our Catholic schools to inculcate sound doctrine, it must be no less a duty to form the souls of her children through sound feeling that there may be no contradiction between truth and the expression of truth.

May we not hope that by "seeking first the Kingdom of God" through participation in the liturgical drama of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, all things else will be added unto us, and we may rejoice exceedingly in a visible approximation to the cherished ideal of Christ—one fold and one Shepherd?

SISTER M. FELICITAS, I.H.M.

THE BELLARMINE SOCIETY

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: It occurred to me that as an example of effective Catholic Action the Bellarmine Society would be of interest to your readers.

This is a group of business and professional men who make a study of the doctrines and practices of the Church, and fit themselves generally for answering any objection to the Church that might arise in their particular walks of life. The formation of such a group was suggested to the late Reverend Hubert F. Brockman, S.J., rector of St. Xavier College (now Xavier University), Cincinnati, Ohio, by Archbishop John T. McNicholas, O.P., in 1925. His Grace asked Father Brockman to assign one of the Jesuit Fathers at Xavier to this particular work.

The Reverend William T. Kane, S.J., now librarian at Loyola University, Chicago, was the first moderator selected by Father Brockman, and the two priests invited about twenty-five men to attend the weekly sessions of the society, which began late in September, 1925, in the down-town departments of the college. The meeting place was soon transferred to the basement of Xavier Church, which has since remained the rendezvous.

There were eight attorneys in the group. Two have since been elevated to the bench. One of these two has remained most faithful in his attendance to date. Two were newspapermen. Both of these have missed few meetings to date. In the original group were a doctor, a dentist, an insurance man, a railroad engineer, an undertaker, a contractor, a manufacturer, a banker and several business men. A number dropped out after a few meetings, some have been "intermittent members" and seven have been most loyal.

Year after year new faces are seen in the Bellarmine Society, a name chosen during the first year, to honor Robert Cardinal Bellarmine, who has since been canonized. Many who came in at the beginning of the second year are active members and regular in their attendance at the Friday night meetings.

Bellarmine Society members are chosen after their names have been proposed and discussed by the society, and when no objections to the candidate are offered. During the past year the membership has been about twenty, and the average weekly attendance has been about twelve.

Archbishop McNicholas has met at dinner with the members on three occasions, following the final meeting of the year, and has cordially commended the men for their zeal. He was not prepared, he said, to give the society a definite objective, but wished to have the studies continued. After his third meeting he named three objectives, in a letter addressed to the Reverend Thomas I. Reilly, S.J., the second moderator. These were: first, thorough preparation for instructive addresses that might be made to Catholic or mixed gatherings; second, careful perusal of the public press, for the purpose of commending the editors when certain edifying articles appear and to point out errors when Catholic doctrine or practice is misrepresented; third, the members to give some time to the convert class of Father Warren J. Lilly, S.J.

The third moderator was Father Remy Bellperch, S.J., 1930-1931. On his transfer to the University of Detroit last summer, Very Reverend Hugo Sloctemyer, S.J., president of Xavier University, appointed Reverend Martin J. Phee, S.J., to take charge of the society.

This succession of moderators has been a most fortunate circumstance for the society. Father Kane took the class through two years of studies largely on the historicity of the Church, of various schisms, the Reformation and the Counter-reforma-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. Father Reilly, being a professor of social ethics at Xavier University, brought a new and interesting element into the studies of the class. Father Bellperch, professor of philosophy, gave the society still another phase of Catholic apologetics, and the fact that Father Phee is a teacher of biology at the university tends to give, and in fact is giving, the Bellarminists a scientific review of all former studies.

In addition Father Phee is introducing into the society the element of Catholic Action. At a recent meeting a guest was Mr. Francis Sheed, of London, chief trainer of speakers for the Catholic Evidence Guild, which has 600 men and women speaking from platforms in parks and other public places throughout England. It was Mr. Sheed's opinion that there are no circumstances or conditions in America that would prevent the kind of work that is being done by the guild, in England.

Acting on his advice the Bellarmine Society is now preparing to give each member a certain subject on which he is to study and prepare himself to speak, and defend the Catholic position against all questions that may be asked. Whether the Bellarmine members will ever go on public platforms to deliver their lectures is not a consideration at this time; the plan is to prepare for such an eventuality.

THEODORE A. THOMA.

A WORK FOR THE UNIVERSITIES

Downside Abbey, England.

TO the Editor: The report, given in THE COMMONWEAL of January 27, of the initiation of a League of Social Justice is heartening in this after-war period of uncertainty and confusion. Begun by Catholic men, it must and will naturally be founded on a Catholic philosophy of human life. That philosophy is a product of the Faith, a steady growth from the Faith, vital and fructifying; in its influences both corrective and directive. And the Faith is God's revelation to man.

I am not making a plea for the Church, or submitting a theory of religion. I simply state the fact, that God having created the world and our race, still governs and directs their course in so far as the free will of the creature bends itself to Him in obedience. It is by means of this philosophy of life, deriving from the Divine Intelligence and interpreted by that Divine society known as the Catholic Church, that the peace of the world, the unity of nations and justice for all classes can be preserved. Hence the League of Social Justice may become, if rightly conducted, the very paragon of Catholic Action in the area of civil morals.

There have been many noble and intelligent efforts made and much wisdom and high idealism expressed in the construction of plans for the rebuilding of social and national life. But the fact that the world belongs to God and that He is a necessity in world-governance, has been almost wholly ignored. At Versailles, at Geneva, and in fact wherever and however the questions of recovery have been discussed, the name of God has scarcely been heard. This is amazing but it is true.

On the other hand it is notable that people at large are watching the phenomenon of a great economic, Christianly economic and philanthropic movement growing strong and efficient in the Catholic Church. Furthermore, it is also notable that intelligent and unprejudiced non-Catholics observe and sympathize with this movement. Christendom, alas! is divided; the unity of the nations, since the Reformation, has remained broken. But it may be that a measure of unity in thought and ideals will serve to convince those outside her circle, that in the policy of the Catholic Church there is a power strong enough in a fair field to arrest anarchy and to rebuild order out of chaos.

I have dwelt on an event and a scheme of practical beneficence because they bear upon and will assist in the offering of a plan connected with Catholic Action as proposed to us by the Holy Father. It is this: that, since educated men often carry their own influence and lend their own support in civic enterprises, I would suggest that the Pontiff's appeal to his people be taken up in a practical form by the Catholic undergraduates of our American universities. Their work would be largely one of education, but it can be the preparation for whatever may be their station and occupation in the years of mature manhood. To a limited extent, even within the boundaries of college life the influence of the movement would be felt, but when the student enters into wider ranges of activity, his preliminary training should have furnished him with an equipment suited to responsibilities then to be assumed and which older men will be laying down. I do not presume to sketch in full what this training is to be, but in general it may be indicated by conferences, lectures and group-study. Such a work need not make large exactions on the student's time; it may be done in those leisure hours and free evenings such as come in every college man's life. Nor need a Catholic Action circle consist of a large membership—though it should grow in numbers. Cardinal Newman writes, in the "Apologia": "Deliverance is wrought, not by the many, but by the few." Nor need the non-Catholics be excluded; indeed it may be found desirable and serviceable to ask them in. With a measure of direction, through a local priest, the government—the simpler the better—would be that of the Catholic students.

Here is a Youth Movement, such as we have read of in Europe, one that must appeal to the ardor and enthusiasm of young men. It differs, as briefly outlined, from such a fine and effective work as that of the Knights of Columbus. It has its own métier and sphere of operation. But valuable, in its specialized form, it can surely show itself to be, in the restoration of what the national life has lost, and in the conservation of an inheritance still with us in the best traditions of the republic. I can think of nothing in what specifically, though not solely, relates to social betterment, more needful to the nation than this. Perhaps as centers come into existence here and there, they may be congregated, yet each retain its integrity and methods. In course of time we should probably see a Catholic Action Union of undergraduate students, the general strengthening the particular bodies. It would surely be a valuable asset in American life. And then, what of leadership? That will create itself.

DOM H. LEONARD SARGENT, O.S.B.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY

Livermore, Cal.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL for January 13, an article, "The Sisters of Mercy," by Joseph B. Code, appears. Toward the end of this interesting history, the following is found: "Since the days of Saint Bridget his country had seen no such benefactress." It is my understanding that Saint Bridget is the saint of Sweden, while Saint Bridgid is the Irish saint.

DONOLA HALLINAN.

E. N.: The Catholic Encyclopedia says Saint Bridget of Sweden is "the most celebrated saint of the Northern kingdoms," and Saint Brigid of Ireland is "incorrectly known as Bridget."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIGION IN THE CURRICULUM

Green Bay, Wis.

TO the Editor: We profess to be loyal to the teachings of the Holy Father, but sometimes our profession of loyalty seems merely lip-service. Catholic schools, for instance, do not always come up to the standard of the encyclical on Christian education.

The Holy Father writes: "It is necessary that all the teaching and the whole organizations of the school, and its teachers, syllabus and text-books, in every branch, be regulated by the Christian spirit, under the direction and maternal supervision of the Church, so that religion may be in very truth the foundation and crown of the youth's entire training; and this in every grade of school, not only the elementary but the intermediate and the higher institutions of learning. To use the words of Leo XIII: 'It is necessary not only that religious instruction be given to the young at certain fixed times, but also that every other subject taught be permeated with Christian piety. If this is wanting, if this sacred atmosphere does not pervade and warm the hearts of teachers and scholars alike, little good can be expected from any kind of learning, and considerable harm will often be the consequence.'"

This is the theory. But what is the practice?

In many of our Catholic training schools for nurses no religion is taught whatsoever. In others there is a religious instruction on sodality Sundays, but that is all the religion taught except perhaps the Sunday sermon. In one school the chaplain offered his services to give the nurses a course in apologetics, because he considered it necessary for professional women to be thoroughly instructed in the Faith. The chaplain was informed that the entire time of the nurses was taken by other studies. Later on, however, at the suggestion of a prominent surgeon of the hospital, a professor of a state university, who by the way, does not believe in God, soul or immortality, gave a weekly lecture on sociology. Many nurses have graduated from a public high school and are much in need of religious education.

And what about our law and medical colleges, our schools of journalism, etc.? Is the whole organization of these schools permeated by the Christian spirit? Some years ago at the inauguration of a president of a Catholic university, the bishop of the city was invited to give the sermon in the university church. He said to one of his friends: "It is a difficult and disagreeable task to deliver a sermon before a faculty of which so many members are infidels."

Recently two young men graduated from a Catholic medical school and were admitted as interns to a Catholic hospital. They went to Mass on Sundays occasionally. Many times they were absent. The chaplain in an interview discovered that they did the same thing while attending the university and that they had not made their Easter duty since they had been attending that Catholic medical college.

Some of the students at a Catholic dental school asked to be excused from class on a holyday of obligation. The professor said: "Why do you want to go to Mass? Don't be children all your lives."

At the Catholic university at Nimeguen, Holland, a special course in theology is given to lay students to prepare them to defend the Faith, and to safeguard them against the sceptical atmosphere of the age. But we have a number of schools where no religious instruction is given at all. As the Pope says: "Considerable harm will often be the consequence."

Many should like to see this deficiency remedied. Is it right to call a school Catholic if religion is no part of its curriculum?

REV. GREGORY R. RYBROOK, O.PRAEM.

BOOKS

A Great Administrator

Mr. Gladstone, by Walter Phelps Hall. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00.

"GLADSTONE," writes Dr. Hall, was "the most cultured Prime Minister," with the exception of Balfour, to head the British government. That, however, is only one of many extraordinary qualities. He entered Parliament in 1832 opposed to adding to the electorate. By 1867 he had changed parties and was the sponsor of the later Reform Bill. He had stood on "the top of the greasy pole," and "great remedial acts" marked his ministry. At sixty-seven he retired to his books and estate. Disraeli was so sure Gladstone was through with politics, that he accepted a title and entered the Lords. Yet Gladstone returned three times, after this date, to head the ministry. He broke from traditional statesmanship and offered the conciliation of Home Rule to the Irish. Perhaps an even more extraordinary departure from the habits of politicians was his practice of writing on religious ideas.

The material of Dr. Hall devoted to the conflict between Gladstone and Disraeli clarifies the political dispute with nice discrimination. For all his warlike and persistent efforts to advance Reform, Gladstone was politically out-jockeyed by Disraeli. The personal reaction of the two statesmen upon each other has been acutely discerned. The irony of Disraeli acted like a whip. "For Gladstone was always especially Liberal," says Hall, "when he spoke after Disraeli. . . . His emotions . . . were constantly aroused to the fever heat by Disraeli. They dragged Gladstone farther than he intended to go." Gladstone was not essentially democratic, his interests were elsewhere, but Disraeli drove him to democracy. The acceptance of democracy, Dr. Hall suspects, was arrived at "unconsciously."

Shortly after Gladstone's retirement, he was involved in a heated controversy because of his pamphlet on "Vatican Decrees in Their Bearing on Civil Allegiance." Previously, he had assisted Catholics to civil freedom. His pamphlet charged that Englishmen could no longer be good citizens and good Catholics. Copies to the extent of 145,000 were sold and twenty replies are recorded, the most important by Newman, Acton and Manning. With fine impartiality, Dr. Hall writes: "Newman answered in a tone of sweet reasonableness, written in such pure and limpid style as to add another classic to literature. . . . [He] quietly and justly reproached Gladstone for the use of what might be considered insulting words. . . . He clearly explained that papal infallibility did not mean what Gladstone said it did." The coolness which existed between former old friends, Manning and Gladstone, turned to bitterness with this episode.

A comprehensive grasp of history informs this biography. Its perspective reveals the development of the Liberal party. Its formation consisted of a loose union of the middle class of the cities with the aristocratic Whig gentry. The faction within the party made necessary the practice of compromise in choosing policies. It was this condition, arising from factional interests, and the need of unity for party victory, that enabled Gladstone to check, somewhat, the rampant materialistic urge of the age. His personal combination of elements of Lancaster and Oxford constituted him a natural leader for such an alliance. "He bridged the gap between the Whig aristocrat and the man of business."

Unlike Burke, Gladstone did not visualize future social changes and needs. As an octogenarian, he could not be expected

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to observe that his party had another gap—an ever-widening gap—to bridge: that difficult question of capital and labor. He stood for Irish Home Rule—and his work was over. To Victoria, though, he was a dangerous radical. Yet he was in essence a Victorian, a good and just man by his lights. As a publicist, he used a fiery temper and pugnacity to further worthy causes. He opposed imperialism; helped small nations; and fostered tolerance of religious creeds.

His new biography is an absorbing chronicle of a great administrator of finance and legislation. In this year of adversity, it is a good thing to read how a grand old war-horse rode the bitter storms of Victorian strife. One is no longer faced with the discouraging length of Morley's three volumes; here are the main facts and the character of Gladstone. Perhaps it is not as well stocked with anecdotes as it might be, yet readers will long remember its picture of Gladstone with his family and servants about him conducting daily prayers.

EDWIN CLARK.

Thirty-nine Colloquies

A Conversation with a Cat, and Others, by Hilaire Belloc. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

MR. BELLOC as an essayist has successfully, and, we trust, laughingly, weathered many reproaches: he is prolific; he is opinionated and didactic; he distorts facts to suit his own position, a position irritating as well as naive; he is "smart" and somewhat given to wise-cracks. But there is one reproof which, so far as I know, has never been advanced—that Mr. Belloc is turgid or dull. And to escape that charge is a triumph! For in the informal essayist a turgid dullness is the one unforgivable sin.

"A Conversation with a Cat" is Mr. Belloc's latest collection of essays. Its range through its thirty-nine sketches, many of them slight in themselves, is wide both in subject and in manner of presentation. It contains essays in appreciation or interpretation of persons (Jonathan Swift, Charles Brandon, Buckingham, Henry V, Burleigh, Richelieu); essays on places; essays on ideas, notions, perceptions, prejudices; essays on traditions and customs; essays humorously advisory; essays reflective and spiritual. And in each case Mr. Belloc employs his presentation in such a way as to enhance his final effect.

Indeed, it is this quick and cultured manipulation of diction and style which ensures the interest of Mr. Belloc's more intelligent readers, which renders him armor-proof against the charge of dullness. It is fascinating to watch the liveliness of his mind and his pen, thus compelled to work in harmony. And for readers less intent on the manner than on the matter, Mr. Belloc's diversity of interests, his humor, his energy, his never-satiated curiosity, his good nature, in short, his abundant life, make him here as elsewhere a charming companion.

The last essay, "The Place of Peace," deserves especial mention although it is of a character that transcends such ordinary matters as mention and emphasis. The reflective rhythm of its style makes of it a spiritual meditation; its imagery is that of the psalmist. In reading it one is gratefully reminded of that earlier essay of its author, "The Mowing of a Field," from "Hills and the Sea." Although that book was published in 1907, lovers of the informal essay (and we need more of them!) would do well to seek until they find it. In the green meadows and by the still waters of Mr. Belloc's Sussex field they will find the very best of him—and, for that matter, the very best of life!

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

ALTMAN

THE COLTON

Tailored for Altman

by Walter Morton

A spring topcoat on the English style, done in choice woolens, showerproofed—and embodying every refinement of tailoring known to the craft.

Colton topcoats by Walter Morton are the only true companions of Walter Morton suits—superlative in every sense—yet sensibly priced $50

Walter Morton Clothes are priced $50 to $110

Men's Clothing—Sixth Floor

B. ALTMAN & CO . . . FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

ORGANIZED LABOR: AN INDICTMENT, by Gerhard Hirschfeld, is a slashing exposure of the failure of the American Federation of Labor to institute "industrial democracy" for all labor in the United States, or to advance the scale of real wages of American labor. The writer accuses the federation of keeping the truth from labor, and states that the federation through failure to observe the ideal of forwarding the interests of all labor, is rapidly approaching a state of decay. Mr. Hirschfeld gives the facts and figures which are in the record. A mortal blow to the federation he thinks was dealt by Ford who, with his system of "line production," which permits him to employ unskilled labor, after a fifteen- to a twenty-minute instruction of each man in a special function, upset the federation's organization of labor according to trades or groups of "skilled laborers." The salvation for labor in its present predicament, the writer points out is not in organization to strike, or control production—a losing battle for them and for the public, in the long run—but in organization to control the vast consumption of the laboring class by means of consumer coöperatives. Mr. Hirschfeld's article will be followed by an answer by Mr. John P. Frey, Secretary-Treasurer of the Metal Trades Department of the A. F. of L. . . . THE CHINESE PUZZLE, by Rev. P. Joy, S.J., written from the scene, tells of the terrific struggle by Chinese for a united country, freedom from foreign dominance, and social justice. . . . THE LOGIC OF BALLYHOO, by James Rorty, analyzes the present terrific struggles in the United States of advertising. . . . CATHOLICS AND RESEARCH, by James J. Walsh, is a stirring refutation of the ignorant assumption, most recently circulated by the *Scientific Monthly*, that the Catholic Church is opposed to scientific research.

A Pioneer Encyclopaedia

Der Grosse Herder: Volume I:A-Ba. Freiburg, Germany, and St. Louis, Missouri: B. Herder Book Company. Price in advance, for the set of 12 volumes: $75.00.

THE OLD encyclopaedia has gone through many vicissitudes and all is not well with it. Average intelligent people cannot afford to purchase a new set of something like "The Encyclopaedia Britannica," every other year, just because the article on atoms needs revision. Nor will busy folk, able to use a little information now and then, pin their faith to sets written mainly by and for specialists. Enter the new "Herder"—a complete revision of the familiar "Herder's Konversationslexikon"—which is at one and the same time: a compendium of universal knowledge (in so far as that can be wedged into encyclopaedias); a reference work with a distinct, though always courteous and discerning, Catholic attitude toward things; and a dictionary which meets the average citizen on his own terrain, with a technical skill of unusual value.

Coördination is the secret of this new work. Realizing that a very short article must be relied upon to say all that is going to be said, and that even this will not always be read through, the editors have so manipulated writing, typography and illustration that the solid virtues of the dictionary are recaptured without too great a sacrifice of those advantages proper to the encyclopaedia. A good example of what has been done is afforded by the word "Angst," which of course means "fear." The topic has been neatly divided into definitions, psychological theory, psychoanalytic view, practical educational treatment and source material. Special emphasis is placed throughout the "Neue Herder" on practical problems, so that one can learn from this first volume how to spray and prune apple trees, how to use knives and forks correctly and how to get the best out of physical culture. Nevertheless it is also a genuinely scientific work; and though some will deplore the brevity with which special problems or terms are handled, or shake their heads over necessarily curtailed bibliographies, even they will probably have to admit that the information given is usually first-rate.

This encyclopaedia can be purchased, for a limited time, with a cheque for $75.00. Libraries could make no better investment. And the private citizen who knows German will look far and wide for a better bargain. Yes, even as ornamental books these are worth while, so extraordinarily well has the publisher labored to create handsome volumes.

WILLIAM KELLERER.

Philosophy and Variety

Philosophy and Civilization, by John Dewey. New York: Milton, Balch and Company. $5.00.

VOLUMES have been written, as Professor Dewey very justly remarks, about each term in the title of this work. The further problem of the relation between philosophy and civilization offers sufficient scope for almost as many more volumes. For there exists a wide divergence of opinion about the value of philosophy for practical life. An extended study of the question should clear the atmosphere and help toward deciding whether the contemporary philosopher really contributes something of value to the civilization of our day or whether he simply uses up the precious hours of life in otiose speculation to no really worth-while purpose.

In anticipation of an intelligent discussion of this question I took up the volume under review, only to be disappointed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to find that Professor Dewey devotes not more than a score of the pages in this sizable book to the problem indicated in the title. What he has to say on the question is comprised in two short essays, "Philosophy and Civilization" and "Science and Society." The general title of the book was taken from the title of the first of these two essays. The remaining 314 pages are filled up with articles and essays covering a wide range of topics, which Professor Dewey has already published in various reviews, periodicals and symposia.

To pass in review the variety of subjects treated in this collection of essays would carry this brief notice to undue length. Suffice it to say that Professor Dewey discusses in his characteristic forthright manner and from his well-known "instrumental-experimentalist" point of view a number of questions in epistemology, logic and psychology. The study of the development of American pragmatism, the essay on the social category as "The Inclusive Philosophical Idea" and the article on "The Philosophies of Freedom" are perhaps the most entertaining in the collection.

A vigorous, if somewhat inelegant, style animates Professor Dewey's writing, and there is always a startling statement or two to be found in every essay he writes. Perhaps what appear to some readers as just startling statements others may regard as stimulating views. But in reading this book, one can scarcely escape the feeling that Deweyism is already beginning to smell stale. To say that is, no doubt, to shock the votaries of the cult, who will gladly pay $5.00 just to put this volume on their book-shelf alongside of "The Quest for Certainty" and "Individualism Old and New," and other writings of the prophet. But the plea for "faith in the scientific method" so ardently made in the last and latest of these essays—the only one, presumably, which has not appeared in print before—leaves the impression that Professor Dewey has been standing still, intellectually, while his own world of thought has swept on toward fresher and more fertile fields of reflection.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Left-wing Religion

On the Religious Frontier: From an Outpost of Ethical Religion, by Percival Chubb. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THE FRONTIER referred to here is the place where "the last scattered outposts of organized religion stand." It is the half-way house for wayfarers going to the uncharted wastes where the unchurched abide. It is a halting place, a harborage, peopled by "left-wing Unitarians, Humanists, Ethicists," representatives of different varieties of new thought, and members of the "advanced churches in which liberalized leaders preach bold and unconventional doctrines." The author has had experience of the frontier in two countries, England and America. As a representative and fugleman of the Ethical Society, a branch of the American Ethical Union founded by Felix Adler, he issues a call to the modern-minded to seek relief from their modern perplexities in a distinctively modern environment. From the supreme altitude of the modernity to which he has been raised by the titanic labors of Wells, Frazer, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey and Joseph Wood Krutch, it is impossible for him, naturally, to see the past in any other form than in its microscopic insignificance. One conception, or rather one contrast, dominates the book, the gulf between the Brobdingnagian present and the Lilliputian past.

Religion is doomed. Its world is not our world. Its problems are not our problems. Needless to say this verdict applies

THE FRENCH BOOK CLUB

2000 MEMBERS ALREADY

The French Book Club offers you each month the leading French book of the month . . . chosen in Paris by its distinguished Committee of Judges: Comtesse de Chambrun (*née* Longworth), The Abbé Dimnet, André Maurois and Firmin Roz. Published in Paris, shipped to our New York office, the books are mailed to your home address . . . 12 current French books . . . 83¢ a book . . . $10 a year!

The books already selected, including *Champlain* by Maurice Constantin-Weyer, *Saint Saturnin* by Jean Schlumberger and *Les Fioretti de Jeanne d'Arc* by Jean-Jacques Brousson, received enthusiastic acclaim here and abroad.

YOU GET THE BEST OF CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE FOR ONLY $10 A YEAR

The March selection *Madame Clapain* — a fascinating mystery story by Edouard Estaunié of the French Academy, is wrapped and will be mailed you at once.

Join in the great group of cultivated men and women, to whom the reading of French in the original is still—as it always has been—the mark of an inner circle of fine taste.

Sign, tear off and mail the coupon with cheque for Membership in the French Book Club, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE FRENCH BOOK CLUB, 441 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Enclosed please find my cheque for $10 for membership in The French Book Club entitling me to 12 new French books a year, beginning at once with the current volume.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Com. 3-16-32

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAVE-A-LIFE FARM
Nyack, N. Y.

ECONOMY SHOP
77-79 West 170th Street, New York
Corner Boscobel Avenue

Proceeds devoted to supplying pure milk and fresh vegetables to undernourished and delicate children from the crowded districts of New York.
A telephone message to WEstchester 7-5725 will bring a truck to your door for anything and everything you do not want.
Parcel post packages solicited.

Sisters of Our Lady of Christian Doctrine
1427 Doris Street, Westchester, N. Y.

THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
A Standard Catholic College for Women of the Northwest

The only exclusively women's college in the Twin Cities. Regular courses in Arts and Sciences

Member of North Central Association of Colleges and the Association of American University Women. On approved list of The Catholic Association and of The Association of American Universities. The A.B. degree has international recognition.

For information address The Office of the Dean
Cleveland Ave. and Randolph St. ST. PAUL, MINN.

ORATE FRATRES

A Review Devoted to the Liturgical Apostolate

For nearly four years *Orate Fratres* has been working for the cause of the Liturgical Apostolate, a movement which is active in every part of the world and aims to foster a more diligent and intelligent participation in the Church's solemn liturgy.

Founded and edited by the Benedictine monks of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota.

"The Holy Father is greatly pleased . . . that there is emanating from this abbey an inspiration that tends to elevate the piety of the faithful by leading it back to the pure fountain of the sacred liturgy."—Cardinal Gasparri, November 21, 1929.

Published every four weeks, beginning with Advent. 48 pp. $2.00 per year.

Write for free sample copy and descriptive leaflet which tells of the need and aims of the Liturgical Apostolate.

THE LITURGICAL PRESS
COLLEGEVILLE, MINNESOTA

to all religion except that of the frontier. There has never been a more exultant and triumphant proclamation of the super-excellence of what is modern than that which is here made by Mr. Percival Chubb. In order to exonerate himself from "the accusation of espousing a restricted mundanism unfriendly to the stars" he announces his program with a comprehensiveness and exactness that goes as far as the stars. Yet his creed is as simple as it is comprehensive. "Think upon living: the phrase is Goethe's; and so is the admonition 'to live resolvedly in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful!'"

When the proper orientation has been obtained by the pioneer or neophyte, if it is proper to apply such designations to the emancipated soul on the frontier, he receives further illumination and encouragement through the interpretation of the new religion expressed in the clarion words: "All is not lost. On the contrary, liberation may be won and a new and larger life be gained." Ethical religion, we are assured, rests on the axiom of man's intrinsic worth. Its creed may even be summed up in the words: "A man's a man." "Manhood is its criterion. *Homo sum* is the password."

There are some few little excursions into the realms of the higher thought, in one of which the author makes a painstaking effort to show the distinction between "ethical" and "moral" with a view to determining beyond doubt or cavil the real notion of "virtue." The verdict is clear. "Virtue drew to it many ancillary qualities; and when we get down to the moderns, we find them today defining it as organized and disciplined personality." Though this conclusion may call for a revision of the old notions of virtue, it will also cause people to change their opinions about Genghis Khan, Ivan the Terrible, George Bernard Shaw and Mr. Al Capone, whose personalities, to say the least, do not lack organization or discipline. It is bad enough when nations abandon the gold standard, but when the dictionary is deflated the outlook becomes really dark. Perhaps the author intended his title to mean "On the Outskirts of Religion." If so, much of the science, the history, the anthropology, and even the theology which the book contains, can be easily explained.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

A Founder

Champlain, by Constantin Weyer. Paris: Plon-Nourrit. $1.00.

WITHIN a year we have had "Mère Marie" and "Shadows on the Rock" and it is most fitting that French Canada should be further honored by a biography of the man who did most to found it. "Champlain" was the November choice of the French Book Club, and it very happily draws the attention of the American reader of French books to the serious study which French writers of prominence are according to the history of the province of Quebec.

Like Louis Hémon, author of "Maria Chapdelaine," Constantin Weyer is a French writer who crossed the sea to seek material in the New World and a few seasons ago won the Goncourt prize with his novel of Canadian life, "A Man Scans His Past." In this biography of Samuel Champlain he has achieved a serious, sober portrait which reveals indeed the judicious care of a research worker rather than the dramatizing touch of a novelist.

Perhaps this scholarly restraint of the author has only succeeded in giving much more vividness to his accounts of the heroic struggles which resulted in the founding of Quebec and the establishment of French power in the St. Lawrence valley.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A life of Champlain would be inadequate without some recognition of the concurrent labors of the Jesuits whom the great *voyageur* assisted in their work with the Indians, and the chapters describing the adventures of these priests are perhaps the best in the book.

In his preface the author attacks Francis Parkman for his critical attitude toward the French in their colonial enterprises and for his partiality for the English tradition of liberty. M. Weyer is most unjust to a distinguished historian who amply rendered warm homage to the heroism of the French and whose description of Champlain's work is no less appreciative than M. Weyer's. As for the Anglo-Saxon heritage of liberty which the author dismisses as now extinct, it is far from dead and indeed is most highly prized by no one more than the French Canadians.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

Once More a Version

Sophokles' Antigone, by Shaemas O'Sheel. Brooklyn: Published by the Author. $2.00.

THIS new version of "Antigone" in American owes its existence, the foreword informs us, to a commission received by telephone from the Reverend William Norman Guthrie, rector of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, who ordered the poem from the present translator as "the best qualified among American poets for the task." Dr. Guthrie's congregation heard the poem read to them a year and a half ago. It was, we are told, "beautifully and powerfully read; not a few tears were shed in the audience."

One may record a lively sense of gratitude that Mr. O'Sheel faced the necessity of publishing his version "for his own peace of mind," and that after various publishing houses had rejected the manuscript, he set up as his own publisher, with the result that the book may now be had in large or small lots at 157 Clinton Street, Brooklyn.

Since he confesses an absolute ignorance of Greek, we would expect more pedestrian and disjointed prose than we actually meet, but this is more than compensated for by the majestic swing of the choruses, rendered in the large, sweeping meters, admirably suited for the purpose, that the Celtic revival has made familiar. The version well deserved printing, if for nothing else than such lyrics as the choruses:

> "Wonders are many in the world, and the wonder of all is man,"

and

> "Great is love, and who shall prevail against it?",

but best of all the closing lines:

> "If any man would be happy, and not broken by Fate,
> Wisdom is the thing he should seek, for happiness hides there.
> Let him revere the gods and keep their words inviolate,
> For proud men who speak great words come in the end to despair,
> And learn wisdom is sorrow, when it is too late."

There is in this little book, then, a little pose, some humor, mostly at the author's own expense, and not a little distinction. It is the sort of experiment that deserves encouragement if the American artist is ever to become self-confident and self-respecting.

SPEER STRAHAN.

What two distinguished non-Catholics have to say of this history of the anti-Catholic movement in America.

"This is such a book as should be in the library of every good citizen, whether he is a catholic or not."—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

"I have read Mr. Michael Williams' book THE SHADOW OF THE POPE and I sincerely wish it a wide circulation. It exposes the unfortunate religious bigotry which extensively prevailed in the last Presidential campaign, and should prove an effective counteractant of such a recurrence."—REVEREND S. PARKES CADMAN.

THE SHADOW OF THE POPE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS
Editor of "The Commonweal"

2nd printing. Illustrated. $3.00.

At all booksellers or from the publishers.

WHITTLESEY HOUSE, 330 W. 42nd St., New York

Catholic Hour on the air

(Sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men in co-operation with the National Broadcasting Company and presented by 53 Stations.)

Every Sunday—6 to 6:30 p.m., Eastern Time

Eloquent speakers on vital subjects—
Answers to questions about the Church—
Exceptional music.

Hear these programs—and help to assure their continuance.

Write to your Station and write to the sponsors

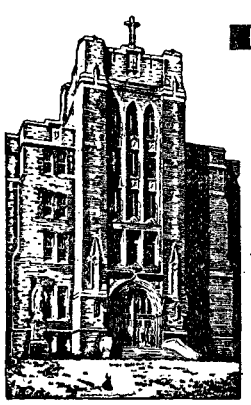
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CATHOLIC MEN
1314 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXPERT EDITING
OF
THESES—ARTICLES—BOOKS
Ten years' experience
Research work Typing Proofreading
Box 105, The Commonweal

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-1058

The DOMINICAN COLLEGE
of San Rafael
(Incorporated 1891)
A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Resident and Non-Resident Students Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic. The Dominican College is on the List of Colleges Approved by Association of American Universities.
A Member of the American Association of University Women
In the SCHOOL OF MUSIC, special certificates are granted, and the degree of BACHELOR OF MUSIC is conferred.
For full particulars address The Secretary, DOMINICAN COLLEGE, San Rafael, California.
PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT, DOMINICAN HIGH SCHOOL
San Rafael, California


MT. ST. MARY-ON-THE-HUDSON
NEWBURGH, N. Y.
The school that emphasizes character and health in a truly Catholic atmosphere.
Definite preparation for a career in college, business, art, music. Scholastic standards accredited by the University of the State of New York.
Modern fireproof buildings. Sixty-five-acre campus. High altitude.
New gymnasium; athletic field.
Illustrated booklet upon request.
Sisters of St. Dominic

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Briefer Mention

Men, Myths and Movements in German Literature, by William Rose. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

REVIVING interest in German literature and thought should profit by this book of collected studies by one of the more important British students. The range of topics is wide, extending over no less vast a span than that from the mediaeval beast epic to the contemporary drama. It is a studious book, possibly based on lectures to advanced students, but the author unflaggingly aims at round, unvarnished narrative. The best of the papers, because seemingly the most genuine expression of Mr. Rose's complete mind, is that on the romantic symbol. But the real "feature" is a relatively curious but enlightening discussion of Goethe's relations with and opinions anent the Jews. The volume as a whole will not make an appreciable dent on anybody, but its uses to the student are obvious.

The Book of Living Verse; edited by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. UNTERMEYER is always a competent anthologist, and this by-product of his reading is a usable, attractive handbook of selections from older and newer poets. In the nature of things such a choice must avoid comprehensiveness, must stress the chooser's personal conviction of the representativeness of a given poem. Many readers will quarrel with Mr. Untermeyer's idea of current verse, thinking (for instance) that the mystical poets might fairly claim more space and the simply disillusioned less. But to them all he may justly reply that those not satisfied may themselves attempt to do better. All things considered, his is no dullard's sifting.

The Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe: Poems; edited by L. C. Martin. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.

MR. MARTIN'S careful edition of what is extant of verse reasonably attributable to Marlowe is manifestly a first-rate addition to Elizabethan poetical texts. The works included are "Hero and Leander," Ovid's "Elegies," Lucan's first book and shorter pieces. Introductions and annotations will be of notable value to students of the English Renaissance.

CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS, formerly in the American diplomatic service, is an authority on international affairs.

EUGENE M. KOGON is one of the editors of *Schönere Zukunft*, Vienna.

JOSEPH MICHAEL LALLEY writes for magazines and newspapers.

A. and M. SMALL are engineers.

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON is head of the department of English at the Kingswood School, West Hartford, Conn., and contributes verse to current newspapers and magazines.

HERBERT REED is "Right Wing" among American sport writers.

IRVING A. J. LAWRES was formerly a professor in Marquette University and associate editor of the Citizen Company.

EDWIN CLARK contributes literary criticism to several contemporary periodicals.

MARY ELLEN CHASE is professor of English literature in Smith College, and the author of "The Golden Asse and Other Essays."

WILLIAM KELLERER has been associated with the making of several encyclopaedias.

REV. GERALD B. PHELAN is president of the American Catholic Philosophical Society and professor of philosophy in St. Michael's College, Toronto, Canada.

REV. PATRICK J. HEALY is dean of the faculty of theology in the Catholic University of America. He is the author of "The Valerian Persecution" and "Historical Christianity and the Social Question."

FRANK C. HANIGHEN contributes articles to current periodicals and makes translations from the French.

REV. SPEER STRAHAN is a well-known poet and professor of English in the Catholic University of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED